

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

№14  
DEC-  
JAN.

10¢

In this  
ISSUE—  
The HAUNTED MORGUE  
LAND of the ZOMBIES  
The WEREWOLF STRIKES  
...AND OTHER  
Strange  
Features



Golden  
Century





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

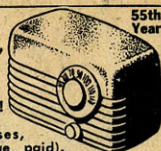


# GIVEN!

**ACT NOW  
MAIL COUPON!**



WE  
ARE  
RELIABLE!



Candid Cameras  
with Carrying Cases,  
Radios (sent postage paid).  
Mail coupon to start.

55th  
Year

**BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!  
WE GIVE YOU CASH  
OR PREMIUMS!**

**JIM and  
BETTY FIND A NEW  
"TREASURE"**



**OUR 55th YEAR**

Boys! Girls!  
Ladies! Men!



**ACT  
NOW  
55th  
YR.**

Lovable Dolls  
over 15" high,  
Cub Fishing Out-  
fits, Genuine 22  
Cal. Rifles, Daisy  
Air Rifles (sent  
postage paid).  
Give pictures with  
White CLOVERINE  
Brand SALVE sold  
at 25c a box (with  
picture) and  
remit per cata-  
log sent with  
order to start.  
It's fun! Easy!  
We trust you!  
Begin at once!

**BE FIRST**



Boys-Girls Bi-  
cycles (sent ex-  
press charges  
collect). Mail  
coupon to start.



**NO  
MONEY  
NOW**

Pocket Watches,  
Baseballs, Bats  
(sent postage paid).  
Other Premiums or  
Cash easily yours.  
To start, mail  
coupon for White  
CLOVERINE Brand  
SALVE and Pictures  
easily sold to  
friends, relatives,  
neighbors at 25c  
a box (with  
picture).



**YOUR BIG  
CHANGE!**



Football,  
Basketballs  
(sent postage  
paid). Mail coupon to start.



Ukuleles, Jew-  
elry, Watches  
(sent postage  
paid). Mail  
coupon to start.

**BIG CATALOG!**

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets,  
Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes,  
Roller Skates, Blankets, Alumi-  
num Ware, Record Players,  
Movie Machines (sent  
postage paid).  
Rush cou-  
pon to start!

**ACT  
NOW**

**WE  
ARE  
RELIABLE**



**MAIL NOW!**

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A-M-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 13 colorful art  
pictures with 13 boxes White CLOVERINE Brand  
SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit  
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or  
keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium  
wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



# LAND of the ZOMBIES



**H**AITI... DARK, MYSTERIOUS ISLAND FROM WHOSE FORBIDDING MOUNTAINS COMES THE STEADY BOOM OF SECRET **VOODOO** DRUMS... LIKE THE VERY THROBBING OF THE JUNGLE'S HEART! IT IS **THERE** THAT THE LEGEND OF **ZOMBIES** HAD ITS BIRTH... WHERE MEN WERE SAID TO PERISH BECAUSE THEIR WAXEN IMAGES WERE SLOWLY MELTED OVER RITUAL FIRES... WHERE THOSE SAME MEN SUPPOSEDLY RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES TO STALK THE EARTH AS SLAVES OF **SORCERERS**! YES, THESE ARE THE **LIVING DEAD**... **ZOMBIES**!

BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE... I'LL BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE TAKING YOUR HONEYMOON ON A LUXURY CRUISE SHIP IN THE CARIBBEAN. HONEY! BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING SMART ENOUGH TO MARRY ONE OF THE TOP RECORDING ENGINEERS IN AMERICA... THE MAN COMMISSIONED BY THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF HAITI TO RECORD ITS INAUGURATION CEREMONIES NEXT WEEK!

OH, STOP BRAGGING, DARLING... AND LISTEN TO WHAT THIS HAITIAN GUIDE-BOOK SAYS! IT... IT **SCARES** ME!

"THE ISLAND OF HAITI IS THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE **ZOMBIES**... THE LIVING DEAD... ARE SAID TO WALK! ZOMBIES ARE NEITHER GHOSTS NOR PERSONS... BUT SOUL-LESS HUMAN BODIES, ENDOWED BY **VOODOO** SORCERERS AND WITCH-DOCTORS WITH A MECHANICAL SEMBLANCE OF LIFE!"

WHAT SUPERSTITIOUS NON-SENSE, JANET! ONLY THE IGNORANT, PRIMITIVE NATIVES OF THE INTERIOR BELIEVE IN THAT **VOODOO** HOCUS-POCUS... AND SINCE WE'RE GOING TO THE CAPITAL, PORT-AU-PRINCE, I CAN GUARANTEE WE WON'T COME ACROSS ANY **ZOMBIES**!





FINALLY, SHINING LIKE A JEWEL OUT OF THE BLUE CARIBBEAN... **PORT-AU-PRINCE**... MODERN CAPITAL OF AN ASTONISHINGLY PRIMITIVE ISLAND, WHERE THE DARK, MAGICAL VODOO RITES ARE SECRETLY WHISPERED ALMOST IN THE VERY SHADOW OF MODERN SKYSCRAPERS!

WELCOME TO THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI, MR. WALTON! WE PUBLICIZED YOUR ARRIVAL QUITE WIDELY, UNTIL PRACTICALLY EVERYONE ON THE ISLAND KNOWS ABOUT YOU...SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE OUR CURIOUS CITIZENS WHO THROGGED TO SEE THE **MAN-WHO-CAGES-VOICES-IN-A-BOX!**

IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE HERE... AND **WE'RE** CONSUMED WITH CURIOSITY, TOO! THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO DO THIS EVENING IS GO **SIGHT-SEEING!**

LATER, IN THE WALTONS' HOTEL SUITE...

COME ON, DARLING...IT'S DARK ENOUGH OUTSIDE NOW GO THAT THE NATIVES WON'T RECOGNIZE US AND FOLLOW US AROUND WHILE WE'RE LOOKING THE CITY OVER!

ALL RIGHT, LOU...OH! WHO'S THAT **BATTERING** AT OUR DOOR?

THAT'S FUNNY...NO ONE'S OUT HERE! BUT I CAN HEAR SOMEONE THUMPING HIS WAY DOWN THOSE STAIRS!

LOU...LOOK! A NOTE... PINNED TO OUR DOOR!

HUH? THAT **VAUDOUX** MUST BE CRAZY TO THINK I TAKE ON COMMISSIONS THAT WAY!

IT...IT ALL SOUNDS SO MYSTERIOUS, LOU!

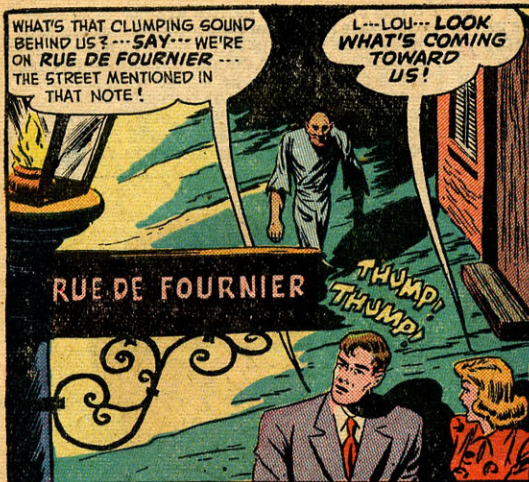
FORGET ABOUT IT, JANET...IT'S PROBABLY SOME PRACTICAL JOKER'S IDEA! COME ON...LET'S START BROWSING AROUND TOWN!

AN HOUR'S LATER...

WELL, I GUESS WE'VE BEEN ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT! WE CAN'T GO MUCH FURTHER DOWN **THIS** DEAD-END STREET...THE OPEN COUNTRY SEEMS TO START THERE! STRANGE...I DON'T KNOW WHY I FELT I **HAD** TO TURN DOWN HERE...IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SOME STRANGE COMPULSION FORCED ME...

LET'S TURN BACK! THIS STREET GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!**





WHAT'S THAT CLUMPING SOUND  
BEHIND US? ...SAY... WE'RE  
ON RUE DE FOURNIER ...  
THE STREET MENTIONED IN  
THAT NOTE!

L...LOU... LOOK  
WHAT'S COMING  
TOWARD  
US!

RUE DE FOURNIER

THUMP!  
Thump!

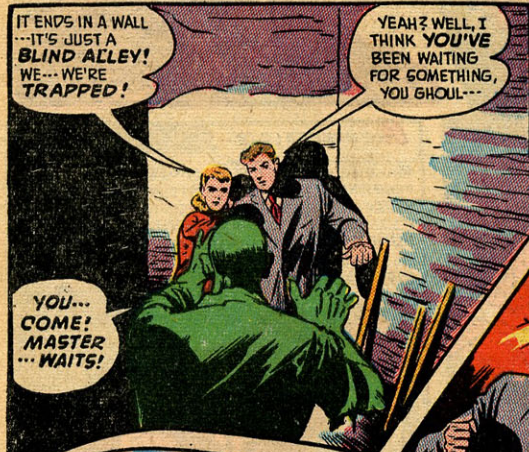


OUT OF THE SHADOWS...LIKE SOME MINDLESS,  
SOULLESS MONSTROSITY THAT MIGHT ONCE HAVE  
BEEN A MAN...

YOU... COME!  
MASTER...  
WAITS!

THAT... THAT  
THING  
CAN'T BE  
ALIVE, LOU  
...IT...IT'S A  
ZOMBIE!

HOLY  
HANNAH...  
AND WE'RE CORNERED  
ON A DEAD-END  
STREET! QUICK, JANET  
...DUCK INTO THAT  
ALLEY!



IT ENDS IN A WALL  
...IT'S JUST A  
BLIND ALLEY!  
WE... WE'RE  
TRAPPED!

YEAH? WELL, I  
THINK YOU'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR SOMETHING,  
YOU GHOUL...

YOU...  
COME!  
MASTER  
...WAITS!



THUD!

THEN  
MAYBE THIS'LL  
CHANGE HIS  
MIND!



IT...IT DIDN'T  
STOP HIM...  
LOU...LOOK  
OUT!

WHAM!



MASTER  
... I COME!

NO...NO  
...STOP!  
PUT ME  
DOWN...  
HELP!

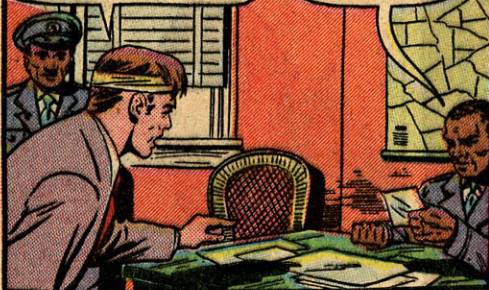


**AN HOUR LATER...**

...AND WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, MY WIFE WAS **GONE!** YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER--AND YOUR BEST LEAD IS PROBABLY THAT NOTE I FOUND ON MY DOOR! I'M **SURE** THAT VAUDOUX IS TIED UP IN THE CASE SOMEHOW...**WHO IS HE?**

MONSIEUR WALTON, WE DEEPLY REGRET THE DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUR WIFE, AND WE WILL BEND ALL OUR EFFORTS TOWARDS FINDING HER...BUT THIS NOTE CAN HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH THE CASE!

IT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY WRITTEN BY A PRACTICAL JOKER...BECAUSE NO HAITIAN WOULD **DARE** CALL HIMSELF **VAUDOUX**...THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT SORCERER WHO ORIGINATED THE OCCULT SCIENCE OF **VOODOO!** AND IT CANNOT HAVE BEEN SIGNED BY VAUDOUX HIMSELF...BECAUSE HE IS SAID TO HAVE DIED WELL OVER A CENTURY AGO! YOU HAD BEST RETURN TO YOUR HOTEL, MONSIEUR...AND WE WILL GIVE YOU A PISTOL IN CASE THE KIDNAPER RETURNS FOR **YOU!**



**BUT HOURS LATER...** IN THE HEART OF THE INLAND JUNGLES, MILES FROM THE SLEEPING, CIVILIZED CAPITAL...

CARRY MY MESSAGE TO HIM, OH GREAT SERPENT-GOD! WAKE HIM FROM SLEEP...AND **LURE HIM HITHER!**



**AND MOMENTS LATER...**

WH...WHAT WOKE ME UP? FUNNY...I'VE GOT AN OVERPOWERING IMPULSE TO TAKE MY PORTABLE WIRE-RECORDING MACHINE AND GO TO THAT SPOT ON FOURNIER STREET! SAY...IT'S PROBABLY AN INTUITIVE **HUNCH!** THAT ZOMBIE MAY HAVE COME BACK FOR ME...AND IS WAITING FOR ME THERE! HE MIGHT...EVEN LEAD ME TO **JANET!**



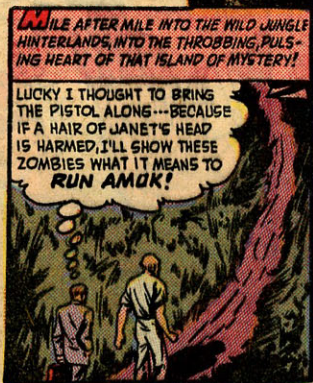
**YOU...COME! MASTER...WAITS!**

**LEAD THE WAY! THIS TIME I'M NOT PUTTING UP ANY ARGUMENT...YET!**



**MILE AFTER MILE INTO THE WILD JUNGLE HINTERLANDS, INTO THE THROBBING, PULSING HEART OF THAT ISLAND OF MYSTERY!**

LUCKY I THOUGHT TO BRING THE PISTOL ALONG...BECAUSE IF A HAIR OF JANET'S HEAD IS HARMED, I'LL SHOW THESE ZOMBIES WHAT IT MEANS TO **RUN AMOK!**



**FINALLY, IN A SECRET CLEARING...**

**YOU...GO... INSIDE! MASTER...WAITS!**





JANET! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

SHE IS UNHARMED... I MERELY USED HER TO LURE YOU HERE... WITH YOUR RECORDING MACHINE! BUT SHE WILL REMAIN UNHARMED ONLY IF YOU DO MY BIDDING!

NO... YOU'LL DO MY BIDDING! RELEASE HER!

ZANDOR... TAKE THE FOOL'S GUN AWAY!

DON'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP, OR I'LL... OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

FOOL... YOU CANNOT KILL THE DEAD!

BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!

I... I'M FIRING AT HIM. POINT-BLANK... BUT HE KEEPS COMING ON! NOTHING CAN STOP HIM!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

EXCELLENT! NOW STAND OVER THE GIRL, ZANDOR... AND IF HE DISOBEYS MY COMMANDS, KILL HER!

BUT I SHALL NOT DIE... BECAUSE I HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET OF AWAKENING THE DEAD! AND NOW YOU WILL MAKE A RECORD OF MY RITUAL CHANTS, WHICH THE DEAD **MUST** OBEY... AND WHICH I WILL TURN ON JUST BEFORE I DIE, SO THAT **MY** BODY WILL BE FORCED TO OBEY THE INCANTATIONS AND ARISE TO STALK THE EARTH... **FOREVER!**

DON'T... DON'T LET HIM TOUCH HER... I... I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

GOOD! WHEN THE NATIVE REPORTS OF YOUR ARRIVAL REACHED ME, I KNEW THAT THE GODS OF THE JUNGLE HAD SENT YOU TO PROVIDE ME WITH THE MEANS OF **ETERNAL LIFE!** BY MEANS OF SECRET RITES WHICH I, **VAUDOUX**, DISCOVERED, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP MYSELF ALIVE FOR ALMOST TWO CENTURIES... BUT NOW I KNOW THAT MY MORTAL END IS NEAR!



BUT I WILL NOT BE A MINDLESS, HOLLOW AUTOMATON LIKE THESE OTHERS...FOR I'LL RETAIN MY INTELLIGENCE AND ALL MY SECRET, SATANICAL LORE AFTER DEATH! AND WHEN THE RECORDING OF MY CHANTS AWAKENS ME TO ETERNAL LIFE, I SHALL KNOW HOW TO REVIVE **ALL** WHO HAVE PASSED ON! TOGETHER, WE WILL TAKE OVER THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!...BUT NOW...PREPARE TO MAKE THE RECORDING!

**THE** STRANGE, PULSING BEAT OF THE TOM-TOM RESOUNDS HOLLOWLY LIKE THE VERY THROBBING OF THE JUNGLE'S SECRET HEART...AND THEN, LIKE A DARK CHANT...THE GHOULISH WAILING OF THE ALL-POWERFUL VODOO RITES!

IN THE NAME OF LIFE AFTER LIFE, HEAR ME, O SPIRIT OF THE DEAD... HEAR ME...AND OBEY THE VOICE OF VAUDOUX!

ARISE FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD... INTO THE WORLD OF THE ETERNAL UNDEAD... WALK, WALK THE EARTH FOREVER!

**BOM BOM BOM!**

AND WHEN THE LAST FAINT ECHOES OF THE RITES FADE AWAY ON THE DYING AIR...

SO...NOW LET ME HEAR THE WORDS THAT WILL MAKE MY DEAD SPIRIT OBEY AND ENTER THE WORLD OF THE UNDEAD!

HERE, I'LL BRING IT TO YOU AND SHOW YOU HOW TO WORK IT!

FIRST, YOU'VE GOT TO WARM IT UP A LITTLE... LIKE THIS!

MY SACRED ROBES...THEY BURN! ZANDOR...HELP!

HURRY... BEAT OUT THE FLAMES!

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!

BUT LOU... WHY ARE YOU CARRYING THE RECORDER? IT'LL SLOW US DOWN!

I DON'T DARE LET THAT RECORDING FALL INTO VAUDOUX'S HANDS...FOR THE SAKE OF EVERY LIVING HUMAN! COME ON...THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE ANY PURSUIT...WE'VE GOT TO PLUNGE INTO THE JUNGLE!

AFTER THEM, ZANDOR!



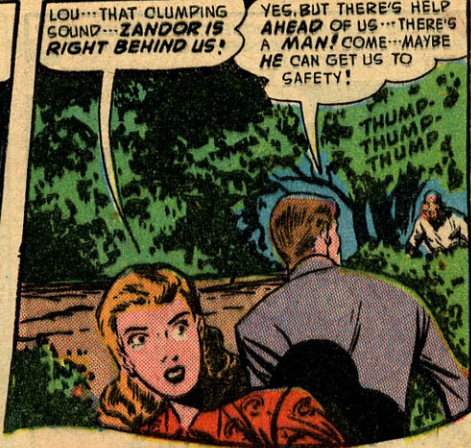


**TWENTY MINUTES LATER...**

...GASP... I... I'M  
OUT OF BREATH!  
LET'S STOP A  
MOMENT!

I GUESS THIS CLEARING IS  
A GOOD SPOT TO REST--  
WE'VE PROBABLY ELUDED  
ZANDOR! WAIT... LISTEN  
TO THOSE DRUMS!

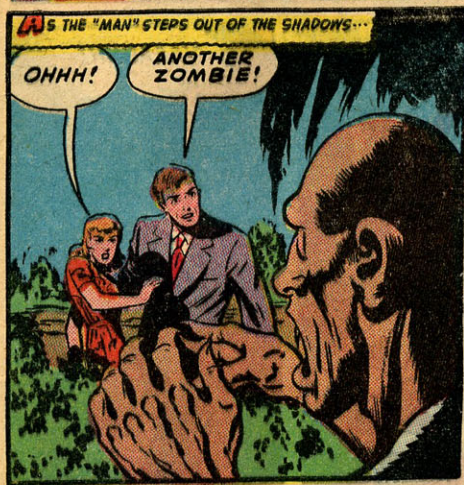
**BOM!  
BOM!  
BOM!**



LOU... THAT CLUMPING  
SOUND... **ZANDOR IS  
RIGHT BEHIND US!**

YEG, BUT THERE'S HELP  
AHEAD OF US... THERE'S  
A MAN! COME... MAYBE  
HE CAN GET US TO  
SAFETY!

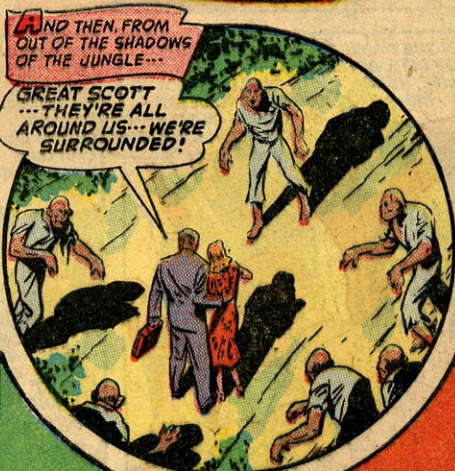
**THUMP-  
THUMP-  
THUMP**



**AS THE "MAN" STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS...**

OHhh!

**ANOTHER  
ZOMBIE!**



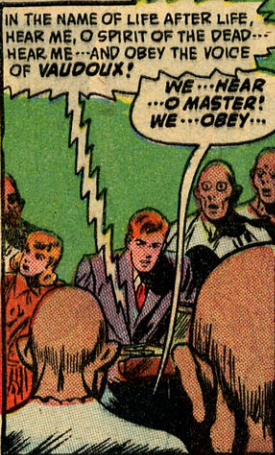
**AND THEN, FROM  
OUT OF THE SHADOWS  
OF THE JUNGLE...**

**GREAT SCOTT  
... THEY'RE ALL  
AROUND US... WE'RE  
SURROUNDED!**



THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE... THE RECORD-  
ING I MADE OF VAUDOUX'S VOICE! IF I  
CAN JUST KEEP PLAYING ONLY THE  
**BEGINNING** OF IT, WHERE HE  
ORDERS THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD  
TO OBEY HIM, THEY MAY THINK  
IT'S MY VOICE... AND OBEY  
ME!

**HURRY,  
LOU...  
HURRY!**



IN THE NAME OF LIFE AFTER LIFE,  
HEAR ME, O SPIRIT OF THE DEAD...  
HEAR ME--AND OBEY THE VOICE  
OF VAUDOUX!

**WE... HEAR  
... O MASTER!  
WE... OBEY...**



YES, YOU HEAR ME... **NOW DO  
MY BIDDING!** HE WHO DESTROYED  
YOUR ETERNAL REST AND MADE YOU  
ETERNAL SLAVES IS YOUR **ARCH-  
ENEMY**... YOU WILL NEVER BE AT  
PEACE AGAIN UNTIL HE IS DESTROYED!  
**GO... WREAK YOUR  
VENGEANCE ON HIM!**



**FOR ONE SUSPENSEFUL MOMENT, THE ZOMBIES REMAIN FROZEN IN MINDLESS INDECISION...AND THEN TURN IN ROBOT-LIKE OBEDIENCE!**

COME ON, JANET...WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW TO MAKE SURE VAUDOUX DOESN'T REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM!



**DESTROY THE EVIL ONE...AND THEN REST IN ETERNAL PEACE!**

HE HAS GAINED CONTROL OVER THEM!...**BACK, YOU MINDLESS FIENDS...BACK!**



**IN THE NAME OF LIFE AFTER LIFE, HEAR ME...**

THEY'RE HESITATING... I'LL REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM! I'VE GOT TO DROWN HIS VOICE OUT... BY TURNING ON THE RECORDER AT **FULL VOLUME!**



IT'S **WORKING**... THEY CAN'T HEAR HIS ORDERS, SO THEY'RE OBEYING THE LAST ONES THEY REMEMBER...**MINE!**

**BACK...BACK! THEY...THEY DO NOT HEAR ME...!**

HEAR ME, O SPIRIT OF THE DEAD...



**YAAAGHH!**

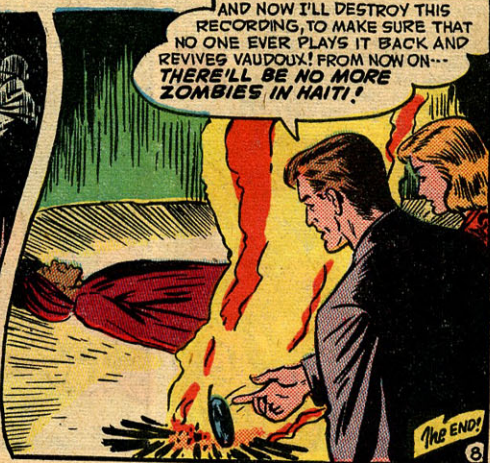


THEY...THEY KILLED HIM... AND **LOOK!** THE ZOMBIES ARE **VANISHING!**

YES, VAUDOUX RAISED THEM FROM THE DEAD...AND NOW THAT **HE'S** GONE, THEY CAN RETURN ONCE MORE TO ETERNAL PEACE!



AND NOW I'LL DESTROY THIS RECORDING, TO MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE EVER PLAYS IT BACK AND REVIVES VAUDOUX! FROM NOW ON... **THERE'LL BE NO MORE ZOMBIES IN HAITI!**





# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE  
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL  
RURAL  
AIRPORT,  
TWO  
CUNNING  
SCHEMERS  
WATCH A CROP-  
DUSTING  
PLANE  
TAKE OFF  
FOR  
FARMER  
JONES' FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS!  
THAT PILOT DOESN'T  
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S  
GOT A SPRAY-TANK  
FULL OF PLANT KILLER  
--NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS  
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I  
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS  
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF  
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

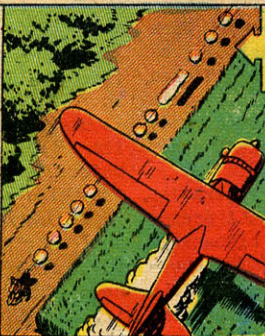
BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB  
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--



FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE  
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I  
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED  
BIKE AND CATCH UP  
WITH THAT PLANE!



HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY  
THE CROPS-- GOTTA  
STOP HIM BEFORE HE  
DOES TOO MUCH  
DAMAGE!

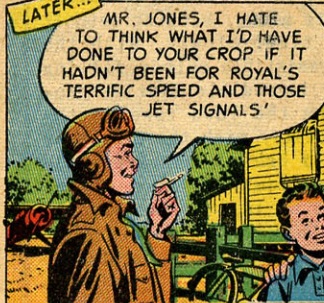


ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE  
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST  
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING  
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!



WHAT'S GOING  
ON DOWN--  
S-T-O-F--  
GUESS I'D BETTER  
LAND AND SEE  
WHAT IT'S  
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

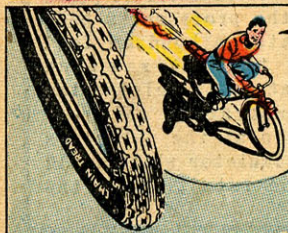


MR. JONES, I HATE  
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE  
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S  
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE  
JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE  
SPEED OF THE BOYS  
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND  
THIS PLOT ARE NOW  
BEHIND BARS!



FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE  
FOOTING-- AND SPLIT-SECOND  
CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,  
WITH THAT SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--  
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-  
IN SKID CHAIN"--SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS  
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, SURER  
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET  
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# The **PIED** PIPER

**P**ROFESSOR FERGUS JENNINGS unlocked the door to his experimental animal laboratory, flicked on the light...and stood there, open-mouthed, aghast! "It...it can't be!" he gasped, his eyes fixed on the small white rat that had somehow managed to get out of its cage...and was now standing in front of a couple of books propped up on the lab table. "It...it's moving its head and turning those pages as if it's actually reading...but it...it can't be!"

Weakly, the professor staggered back into a chair and sat there watching as the rat lifted up a forepaw and flicked another page, bobbing its head swiftly from left to right as if it were reading rapidly, and then flicking another page.

In one blinding moment of realization, the professor knew that he wasn't dreaming...that this was actually happening, and he knew *why*! "It *worked*!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "That's the rat I fed my new intelligence-stimulator to...and the solution increased the rat's intelligence a million-fold... a *billion-fold*! And if it could do that to a rat, the solution will raise man's intelligence to god-like heights!"

The professor suddenly became aware that the rat was sitting with its head cocked to one side, staring at him peculiarly, with an eerie look of uncanny intelligence. "Great Scott... did...did it understand me?" he wondered. "Just *how* intelligent is it?"

Cautiously approaching the rat with his hand stretched out to grab it, the professor was startled as the rat darted from the table, landed on the floor, and scampered away into a rat-hole in the wall. The professor shrugged his shoulders in resignation, and turned to look at the books the rat had been reading. "Hmm...a book of nursery tales, opened to the story about the *Pied Piper*... books on musical composition...

and textbooks on hypnotism and mesmerism! I wonder..."

Suddenly aware of his danger, the professor ran gasping from the room. "There...there could only be one reason why the rat picked out those particular books to read...and if I find any of my musical instruments gone, I'll know I was *right*!"

Bursting into his hobby room, the professor was just in time to see the end of his flute being dragged into another rat-hole, and then a bright-eyed rat face seemed to snicker out at him, before it, too, disappeared into the hole. Cold sweat broke out on the professor's face as he ran to his bedroom and began packing hastily. "I...I've got to leave before... before..."

A thin, eerie wailing suddenly seemed to emanate from the walls of the professor's cliffside house...a high, plaintive melody that gripped him, held him entranced, drew him toward it...down...down the stairs, out onto the lawn where the white rat was dragging the flute along, blowing into it at the same time. Slowly, with the haunting, irresistible melody filling the air, the incredible flutist progressed along the lawn towards the edge of the cliff, with the professor walking slowly behind, his eyes wide open but sightless...like a sleep-walker caught up in a web of strange enchantment. Then, at the cliff's edge, the flutist paused...but the professor didn't.

The white rat waited until it heard the splash of the professor's body hitting the water a hundred feet below... and then it ran back into the laboratory to release the rest of the laboratory rats --- and let them sip at the marvelous intelligence-stimulator which would soon enable the rats to rule the world!



# THE HAUNTED MORGUE



**GHOSTS!**  
SOME CALL THEM  
PSYCHIC EMANATIONS,  
OTHERS MERE FIGMENTS  
OF THE IMAGINATION!  
BUT WHATEVER YOU  
CALL THEM, READER,  
A HAUNT IS A HAUNT  
... AND TERROR IS  
TERROR... AND **EVER**  
THE TWAIN SHALL  
MEET... ESPECIALLY  
IN THE STRANGE  
CASE OF **THE**  
**HAUNTED**  
**MORGUE!**



ADELE...  
I GOT IT... I GOT  
A JOB IN THE  
MORGUE!

MORGUE?  
OH, BERNARD...  
HOW **AWFUL!**  
WHY DIDN'T YOU  
WAIT FOR A JOB  
THAT WOULD TIE IN  
WITH THE HISTORICAL  
RESEARCH WORK  
YOU WANT TO  
DO?

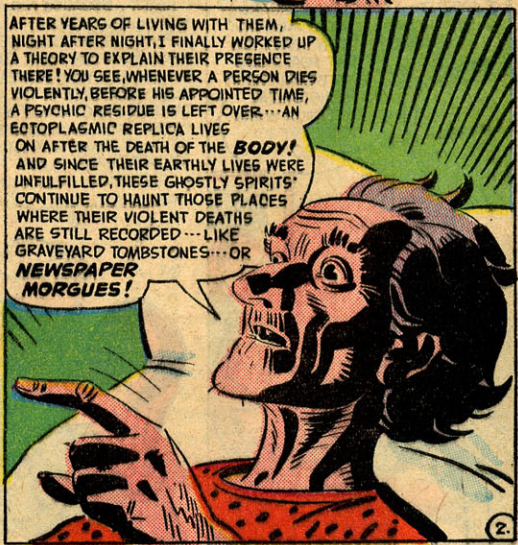
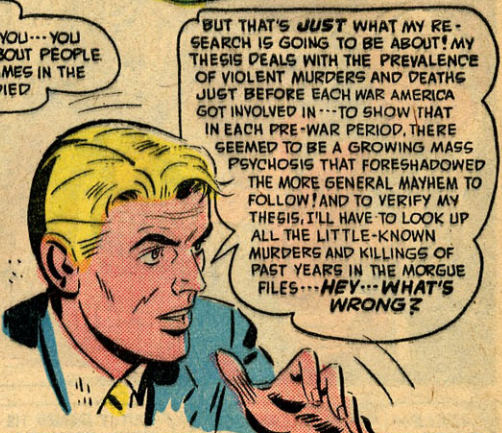
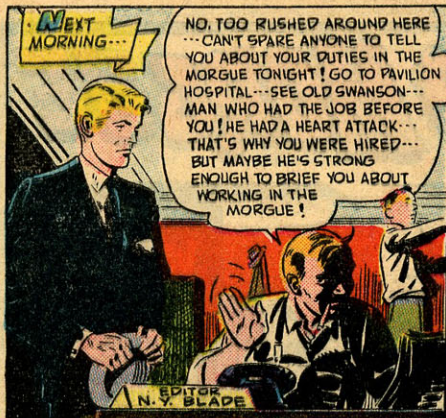
BUT IT **DOES** TIE IN, SWEET-  
HEART... BECAUSE IT'S A **NEWSPAPER**  
MORGUE! NO BODIES... JUST DEAD NEWS-  
PAPERS! THE MORGUES OF MOST PAPERS  
MERELY CONTAIN THEIR **OWN** OLD ISSUES,  
BUT THE NEW YORK BLADE'S MORGUE IS THE  
MOST COMPLETE IN THE WORLD, CON-  
TAINING PRACTICALLY EVERY NEWS-  
PAPER EVER PUBLISHED SINCE  
REVOLUTIONARY DAYS! IT'S A  
**WONDERFUL** PLACE FOR  
HISTORICAL RESEARCH!



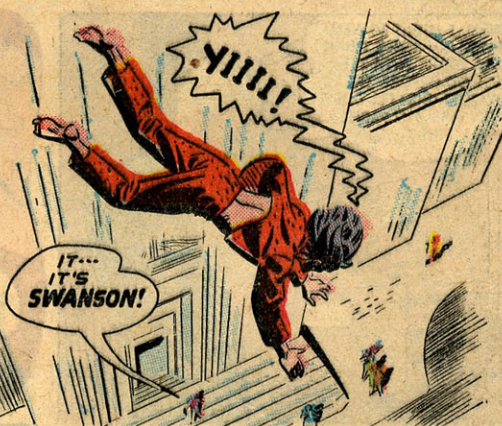
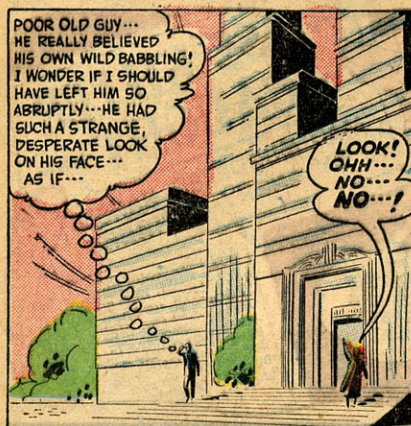
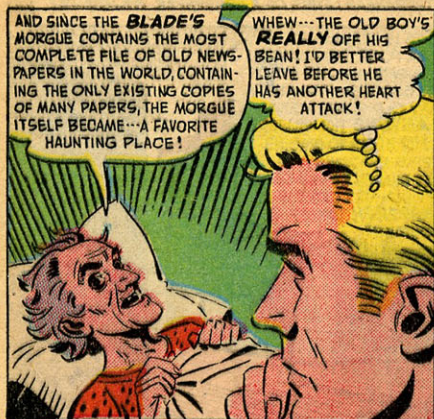
AND SINCE I'M GOING TO BE ON THE  
**NIGHT SHIFT**, WHEN VERY FEW  
CALLS COME THROUGH TO THE MORGUE,  
I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GO  
THROUGH THE OLD NEWSPAPER FILES  
AND WORK ON THE THESIS FOR MY  
PH. D. YUP, WORKING IN A MORGUE AT  
NIGHT MIGHT SCARE **MOST** PEOPLE  
... BUT IT'LL BE PARADISE  
TO **ME!**





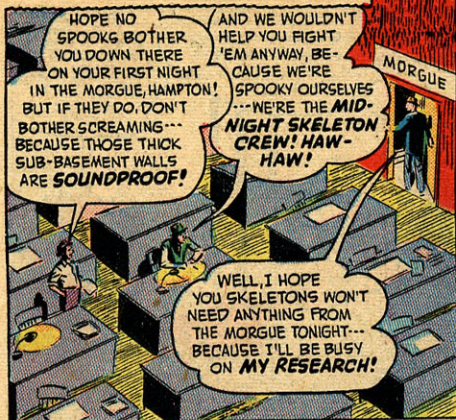






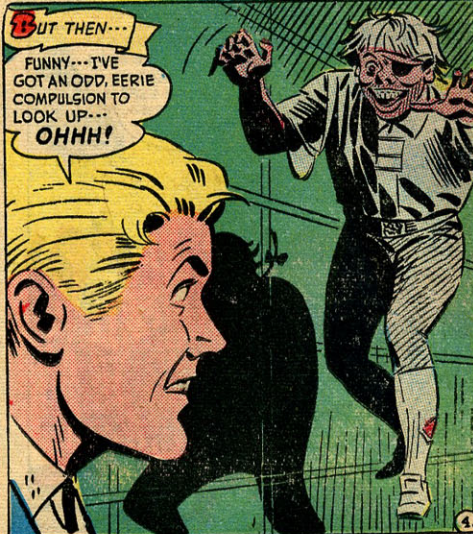
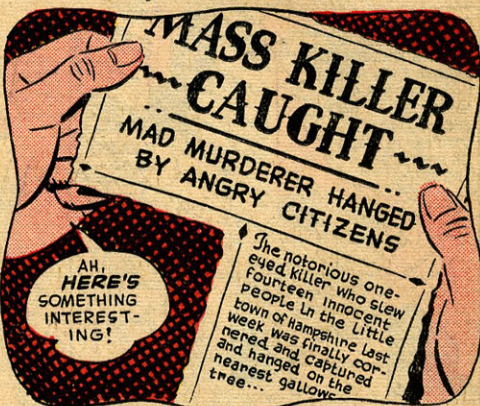


THAT NIGHT, AT THE NEW YORK BLADE...



DOWN...DOWN INTO THE SUB-BASEMENT...INTO THE VAST, SUBTERRANEAN LEVELS OF A NEWSPAPER **MORGUE!**

SO **THIS IS IT!** HMM, NO WONDER POOR OLD SWANSON BEGAN HAVING HALLUCINATIONS ABOUT GHOSTS---THIS MUSTY, CREEPY OLD PLACE WOULD GIVE **ANYONE** THE WILLIES! EVEN I'D BEGIN TO IMAGINE CREEPING SHADOWS AND STRANGE SHAPES BEHIND THOSE DUSTY FILES---IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY **RESEARCH** TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED!





YOU---YOU'RE  
**ONE-EYED...**  
LIKE THE **MAD**  
**MURDERER**  
OF HAMPSHIRE!  
**GET BACK...**  
**WHATEVER**  
**YOU ARE!**

AH, IT IS WELL THAT YE **FEAR**  
ME! FOURTEEN DID I SLAY WHEN  
I LIVED---AND **NOW...**

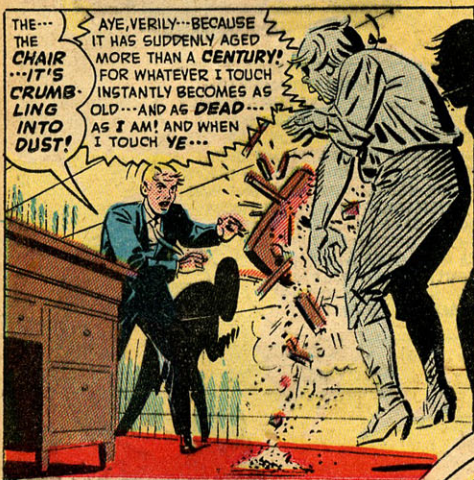


WELL, I'M NOT DEAD YET  
---AND I **WON'T BE...** NOW  
THAT I'M SCARED ENOUGH  
TO FIGHT!



THE---  
THE **CHAIR**  
---IT'S  
CRUMB-  
LING  
INTO  
DUST!

AYE, VERILY---BECAUSE  
IT HAS SUDDENLY AGED  
MORE THAN A **CENTURY!**  
FOR WHATEVER I TOUCH  
INSTANTLY BECOMES AS  
OLD---AND AS **DEAD...**  
AS I AM! AND WHEN  
I TOUCH YE---



NO,  
YOU  
DON'T!



THE  
PAPER---  
THE ACCOUNT  
OF MY DEATH---  
IT CRUMBLES  
INTO  
DUST!

YARRAGHH!

GREAT HEAVENS---  
IT---IT'S DISSOLV-  
ING---  
VANISHING!







IT...IT'S **GONE**...  
LEAVING NOTHING BUT A  
PILE OF DUST BEHIND! AND  
NOW I'M GOING...AND ANY  
OTHER GHOSTS HIDING  
AROUND HERE CAN JUST  
WATCH **MY DUST!**

WELL, WELL...DON'T  
TELL ME THE SPOOKS  
DROVE YOU OUT **THIS**  
SOON!

I...I DON'T FEEL  
TOO WELL...I'M AFRAID  
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE  
REST OF THE NIGHT  
OFF!

LAY OFF HIM, AL...CAN'T YOU SEE  
HOW WHITE AND SICK-LOOKING  
HE IS? SURE, GO ON HOME, HAMPTON  
...IT'S A QUIET NIGHT, AND I DON'T  
THINK THERE'LL BE ANY CALLS  
FOR ANY OF THE FILES FROM  
THE MORGUE! SEE YOU  
TOMORROW!

MOR



**NEXT MORNING...**

...SO YOU SEE WHY I **HAD**  
TO COME AND TELL YOU  
THE WHOLE STORY, ADELE!  
I...I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK  
ALL NIGHT, WONDERING  
WHETHER I WAS LOSING  
MY MIND...OR WHETHER  
OLD SWANSON HAD  
BEEN **RIGHT**, AFTER  
ALL!

BUT IT'S **FANTASTIC**,  
BERNIE...THAT OLD  
MAN'S CRAZY STORY  
MERELY AFFECTED YOU  
MORE THAN YOU THOUGHT!  
YOU LET YOUR IMAGINATION  
RUN AWAY WITH YOU  
...YOU **DREAMED**  
IT ALL!



I **COULDN'T** HAVE DREAMED IT...  
THOSE PILES OF DUST WERE **REAL!**  
APPARENTLY THE SPECTER, OR  
ECTOPLASMIC EMANATION, WAS  
SUMMONED BY MY READING ABOUT  
ITS VIOLENT DEATH...AND AS SOON  
AS THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT WAS  
DESTROYED, IT HAD TO RETURN FROM  
WHENCE IT CAME! IT ALL FITS IN WITH  
SWANSON'S THEORY...BUT IF ONLY  
THERE WERE SOME **SAFE** WAY  
OF TESTING IT, WITHOUT RISK-  
ING BEING TURNED TO DUST  
...**WAIT...I'VE GOT IT!**



IF THE THEORY IS RIGHT, WHY  
CAN'T I SUMMON THE SPIRIT  
OF SOMEONE LIKE **LINCOLN**  
BY GOING TO THE MORGUE  
AND READING AN OLD ACCOUNT  
OF HIS ASSASSINATION? HIS  
DEATH WAS VIOLENT ENOUGH...  
AND IF HE **DOES** MATERIALIZE,  
**HE** CERTAINLY WON'T TRY TO  
HARM ME! I'M GOING TO TRY  
IT...**TONIGHT!**

NO, **WE'RE** GOING  
TO TRY IT...BECAUSE  
I'M GOING ALONG  
TO MAKE SURE YOU  
DON'T START  
**IMAGINING**  
THINGS  
AGAIN!



**That night...**

NOW LET'S SEE,  
LINCOLN DIED ON APRIL  
15, 1865...AND ALL I HAVE  
TO DO IS GET HOLD OF A  
PAPER THAT CARRIED A  
FULL STORY OF THE  
SLAYING!

**BRRR...** THIS PLACE  
IS **EERIE!** I...I'LL HAVE  
TO KEEP MY MIND  
OCCUPIED TO PREVENT  
**MYSELF** FROM IMAGIN-  
ING THINGS! I THINK I'LL  
HUNT UP AND READ OLD  
SWANSON'S OBITUARY...I'M  
GETTING QUITE INTERESTED  
IN THE OLD LOONEY!

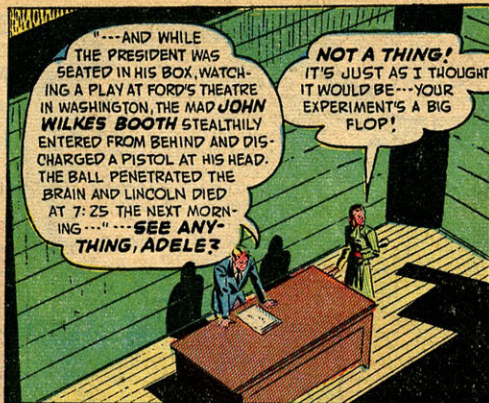






AH, HERE IT IS---IN  
LAST NIGHT'S PAPER!

FORGET THAT FOR A  
MINUTE AND COME OVER  
HERE, ADELE---I FOUND WHAT  
I WAS LOOKING FOR! THIS PAPER  
IS DATED ABOUT TWO WEEKS  
AFTER THE ASSASSINATION,  
BUT IT'S ALL THERE! I WANT  
YOU TO KEEP A SHARP  
WATCH FOR LINCOLN'S  
SPIRIT, WHILE I READ  
THE STORY OUT  
LOUD!



"---AND WHILE  
THE PRESIDENT WAS  
SEATED IN HIS BOX, WATCH-  
ING A PLAY AT FORD'S THEATRE  
IN WASHINGTON, THE MAD **JOHN  
WILKES BOOTH** STEALTHILY  
ENTERED FROM BEHIND AND DIS-  
CHARGED A PISTOL AT HIS HEAD.  
THE BALL PENETRATED THE  
BRAIN AND LINCOLN DIED  
AT 7: 25 THE NEXT MORN-  
ING..." **---SEE ANY-  
THING, ADELE?**

**NOT A THING!**  
IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT  
IT WOULD BE---YOUR  
EXPERIMENT'S A BIG  
FLOP!

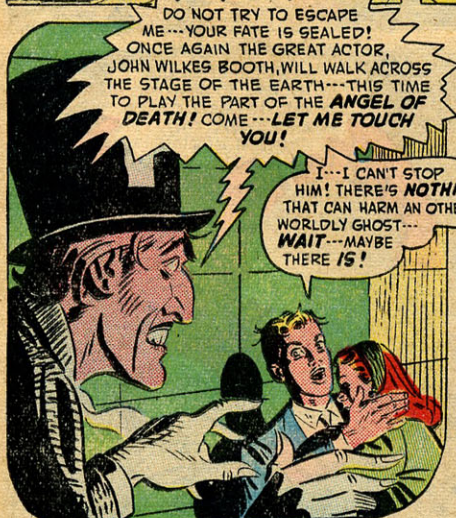


WELL, I WON'T GIVE UP  
**THIS** EASILY---MAYBE I  
HAVE TO READ MORE!---"THE  
ASSASSIN, WHO HAD ESCAPED  
FROM THE THEATRE BRANDISHING  
A HUGE KNIFE, WAS PURSUED---  
AND TWELVE DAYS LATER WAS  
SHOT IN A BARN WHERE  
HE HAD CONCEALED  
HIMSELF..."



YES, YOU **DID** HAVE TO  
READ FURTHER---TO  
SUMMON **ME**--- **JOHN  
WILKES BOOTH!**

**OH!!!**



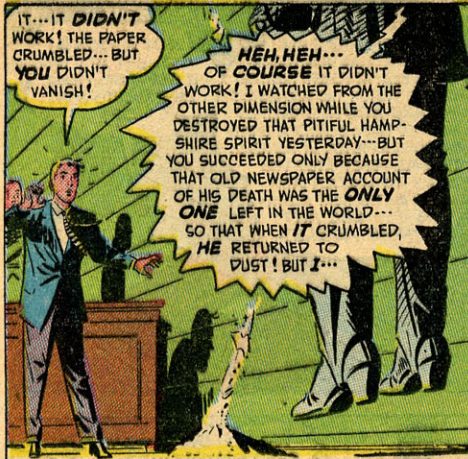
DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE  
ME---YOUR FATE IS SEALED!  
ONCE AGAIN THE GREAT ACTOR,  
**JOHN WILKES BOOTH**, WILL WALK ACROSS  
THE STAGE OF THE EARTH---THIS TIME  
TO PLAY THE PART OF THE **ANGEL OF  
DEATH!** COME---LET ME TOUCH  
YOU!

I---I CAN'T STOP  
HIM! THERE'S **NOTHING**  
THAT CAN HARM AN OTHER-  
WORLDLY GHOST---  
**WAIT**---MAYBE  
THERE IS!



IF I DESTROY THE  
NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT I  
JUST READ, THEN THIS---  
**THIS SPECTER WILL ALSO  
CRUMBLE AND VANISH**---THE  
WAY THE **OTHER** ONE  
DID!



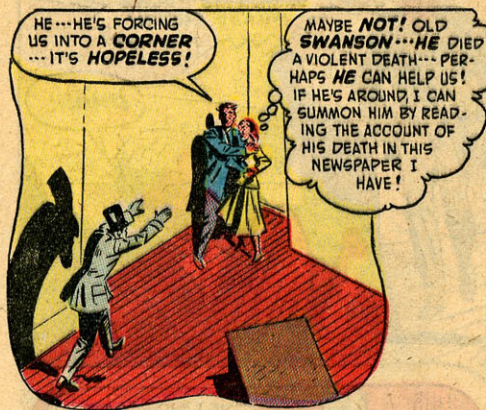


IT...IT **DIDN'T**  
WORK! THE PAPER  
CRUMBLED... BUT  
**YOU** DIDN'T  
VANISH!

HEH, HEH...  
OF **COURSE** IT DIDN'T  
WORK! I WATCHED FROM THE  
OTHER DIMENSION WHILE YOU  
DESTROYED THAT PITIFUL HAMPSHIRE  
SPIRIT YESTERDAY... BUT  
YOU SUCCEEDED ONLY BECAUSE  
THAT OLD NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT  
OF HIS DEATH WAS THE **ONLY**  
**ONE** LEFT IN THE WORLD...  
SO THAT WHEN IT CRUMBLED,  
**HE** RETURNED TO  
DUST! BUT I...



...I AM IN  
**COUNTLESS** NEWS-  
PAPERS AND HISTORY  
BOOKS! DESTROY **ONE**  
ACCOUNT OF MY DEATH,  
AND THERE STILL REMAIN  
THOUSANDS OF OTHERS  
...SO THAT **I CANNOT**  
**BE DESTROYED!**  
BUT I... I CAN  
**DESTROY**  
**YOU!**



HE...HE'S FORCING  
US INTO A **CORNER**!  
...IT'S **HOPELESS!**

MAYBE **NOT!** OLD  
**SWANSON**... HE DIED  
A VIOLENT DEATH... PER-  
HAPS **HE** CAN HELP US!  
IF HE'S AROUND, I CAN  
SUMMON HIM BY READ-  
ING THE ACCOUNT OF  
HIS DEATH IN THIS  
NEWSPAPER I HAVE!



"**FREDERIC**  
**SWANSON, 69,**  
AN EMPLOYEE  
OF THE NEW YORK  
**BLADE** FOR THE  
LAST FORTY YEARS,  
DIED THIS MORNING  
IN A SUICIDE PLUNGE  
FROM HIS TWELFTH-  
STORY ROOM AT THE  
PAVILION  
HOSPITAL..."



YOU'LL  
DO **NOTHING**  
ANYMORE, YOU  
FANATICAL  
MANIAC!

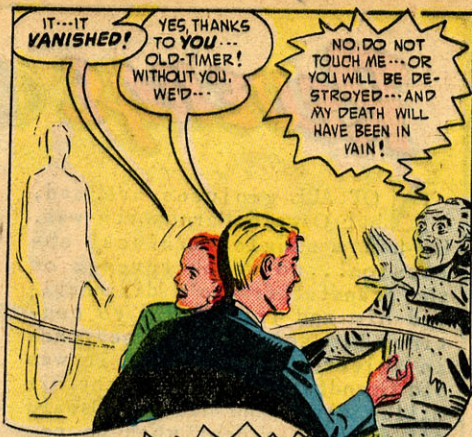
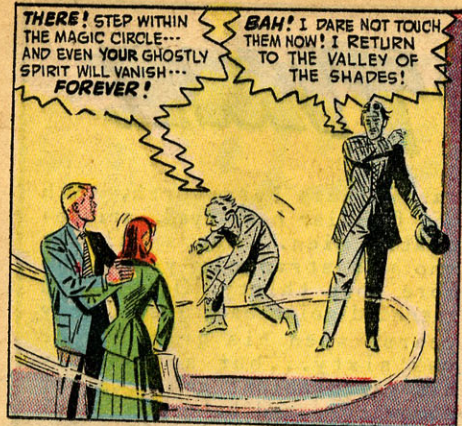
IT'S OLD  
**SWANSON'S**  
GHOST!

I DID IT...  
I SUMMONED  
HIM... JUST  
IN TIME!



**THERE!** THAT SHOULD  
GIVE ME TIME TO DRAW THE  
SACRED, INVIOLEATE CIRCLE  
AROUND THESE TWO  
INNOCENT MORTALS!







# REVENGE IN TIME

NOT ALL geniuses are mad, but Oswald Farnsworth was. He had a single, maniacal obsession...to wreak revenge on the grandfather who'd disinherited him and forced him to continue his scientific researches in abject poverty. Yes, it was old Grandfather Phineas, the oil millionaire, who had cut Oswald off without a cent when he refused to marry the scatter-brained, but socially-prominent girl his grandfather had picked out for him. But now...*now* Oswald was about to have his revenge!

His grandfather had died of a heart attack just a day after Oswald had thwarted him, and just an hour after irately changing his will...but Oswald was not to be thwarted of his vengeance. For twenty years, from the day his grandfather had died, Oswald had spent every waking and dreaming moment in planning and perfecting the time-machine that would enable him to go back twenty years in time and *kill* old Phineas...before he had a chance to change his will and disinherit his grandson!

And now the machine was ready...*now*, with just the flick of a switch...

Grandfather Phineas' old drawing room suddenly filled with a strange, unearthly hum, and for a fraction of a moment Oswald reeled dizzily, flung about in the magnetic temporal-displacement field. But then everything cleared...and Oswald suddenly saw a figure rise in alarm from the armchair in front of him. There was no doubt about it...it

was Phineas Farnsworth, with the familiar hawk-eyed, aristocratic mien...but a Phineas who was strangely young, no more than thirty. Oswald had intended going back just twenty years, when his grandfather was sixty...but apparently his calculations had been off somewhere, and he'd gone back some fifty years in time. But this was no time for regrets...this was a time for *revenge*...revenge for all the miserable hovels he'd been forced to live and experiment in...revenge for all the years of bitter hunger and poverty!

Drawing a dagger, Oswald advanced menacingly on the young Phineas. "I'm your grandson, Oswald," he grated out, "here to see that you *never* change your will!"

"You...you're *mad*!" quavered Phineas, drawing back. "You...you can't be my grandson...because..."

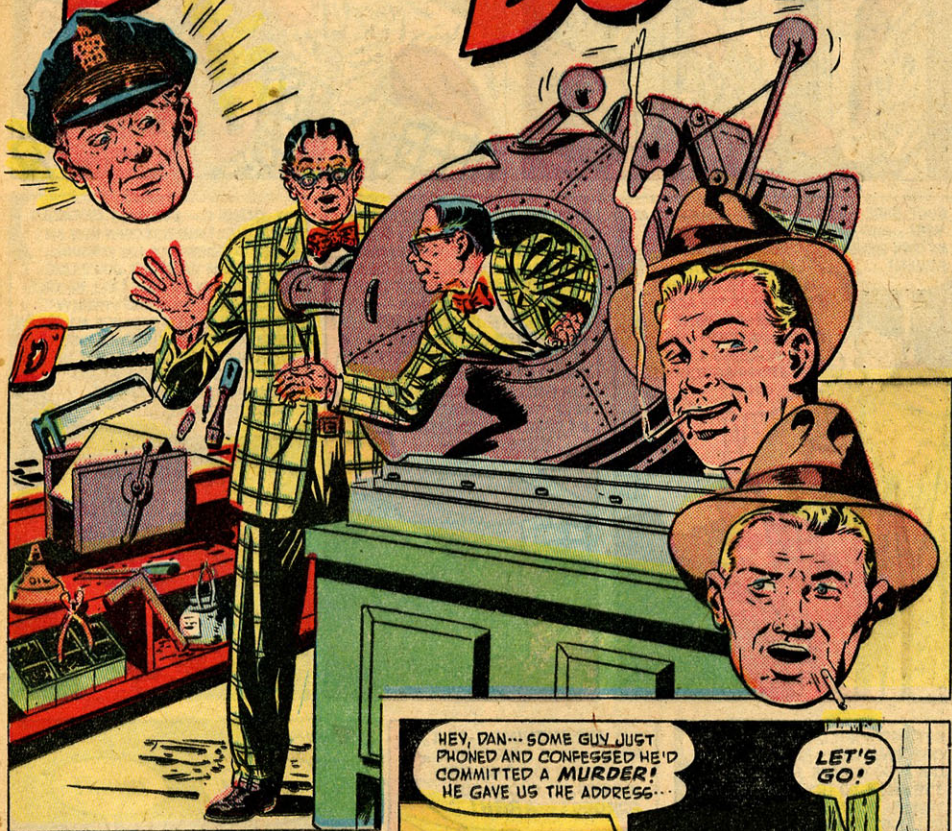
"*Mad*, am I?" shouted Oswald. "I'll show you how mad I am...*there*!"

The dagger blade sank deep into Phineas' chest, and he fell to the carpet. "...because I...I'm not married...yet!" he managed to gasp out...before he died.

Too late, Oswald realized his horrible mistake...saw in a single, searing moment that if Phineas was not yet married, then Oswald's father was not yet born...and Oswald himself could never have existed! Yes, it was too late...because Oswald no longer existed...except in the shadowy limbo of the great *Unknown*!



# DOUBLE DOOM



A FANTASTIC MACHINE, BORN OF AN INVENTOR'S WILD DREAM...AND TWO DEMONIALAC DOUBLES WHO EMERGED FROM THAT MACHINE...FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN! ADD THEM ALL UP AND YOU'VE GOT THE WEIRDEST CASE EVER TO BE BURIED BENEATH CRIMINAL RECORDS AND COURT FILES...THE CASE OF

**"DOUBLE DOOM!"**

HEY, DAN... SOME GUY JUST PHONED AND CONFESSED HE'D COMMITTED A MURDER! HE GAVE US THE ADDRESS...

LET'S GO!

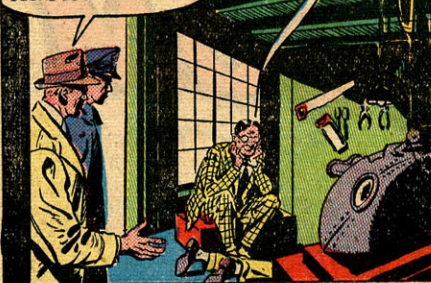




TEN MINUTES LATER...

SO YOU'RE THE LAD WHO PHONED  
---AND THIS IS THE VICTIM, EH?  
WELL, LET'S TURN HIM OVER  
AND SEE WHAT THE POOR  
BLOKE LOOKS LIKE!

YES, I --- I  
KILLED HIM!  
MY NAME IS  
HOMER ---



WHY THIS --- THIS MAN'S THE  
VERY **IMAGE OF YOU**,  
HOMER! WHY IN BLAZES  
DID YOU KILL YOUR  
**OWN TWIN BROTHER?**

HE'S **NOT** MY BROTHER!  
HE --- HE LOOKS JUST  
LIKE ME BECAUSE HE  
**IS ME!**

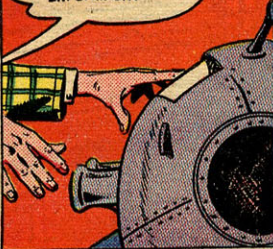


SURE, SURE --- HE'S  
YOUNG --- AND I'M  
MY OWN GRAND-  
FATHER!

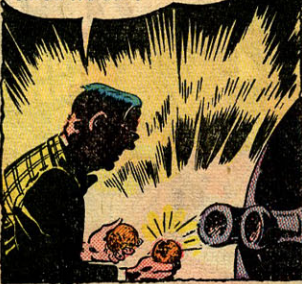
YOU'RE --- LAUGHING AT  
ME, BUT IT'S **TRUE!**  
FOR TEN YEARS I  
LABORED ON THIS  
MACHINE, THE GREATEST  
INVENTION OF THE AGE ---  
MY **SUB-ATOMIC  
DUPLICATOR** --- AND  
THIS MORNING I PUT  
THE FINISHING TOUCHES  
ON IT!



WHEN THIS EYEPiece IS FOCUSED ON  
ANY OBJECT, THE **ATOMIC SCAN-**  
**SCANNERS** GO TO WORK, RECREATING  
THE EXACT MOLECULAR OR CELL  
STRUCTURE OF THE OBJECT RIGHT  
DOWN TO ITS VERY ATOMS --- AND  
**DUPLICATE IT!** AN **EXACT  
DUPLICATE** OF ANY OBJECT  
IN THE WORLD CAN BE REPRODUCED  
BY THIS MEANS --- AND I  
CAN STILL REMEMBER HOW I  
FELT THIS MORNING, AFTER  
MY FIRST SUCCESSFUL  
EXPERIMENT ---



I'VE **DONE IT** --- I'VE **CREATED**  
AN ORANGE! AND NOT ONLY IS IT AN  
EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE ORIGINAL,  
BUT IT EVEN **TASTES** JUST LIKE  
AN ORDINARY ORANGE! I'LL BE ABLE  
TO BANISH HUNGER AND POVERTY  
FROM THE WORLD, BECAUSE ALL THE  
WORLD'S FOOD, MINERALS AND  
WEALTH CAN BE DUPLICATED IN-  
DEFINITELY --- THERE'LL BE NO  
SHORTAGE OF **ANYTHING**  
UNDER THE SUN!



BUT WAIT --- NOT ONLY CAN I DUPLI-  
CATE **THINGS** --- BUT MAYBE I  
CAN ALSO CREATE **HUMANS!**  
I'VE **GOT** TO TRY IT! AND SINCE  
THERE'S NO ONE ELSE AROUND,  
I'LL JUST FOCUS THE DUPLI-  
CATOR ON **MYSELF** --- AND  
MERELY PRESS THE  
SWITCH!



THAT **WRENCHING** --- THAT  
**PAIN** --- AS IF EVERY ATOM  
IN MY BODY IS BEING SUB-  
JECTED TO ENORMOUS  
FORCES! --- **ARGH!**



THEN ---

OH HH!

OH HH!





THANKS FOR GIVING ME LIFE, BROTHER...AND **WHAT** A LIFE THAT'S GOING TO BE! WHY, WITH THIS DUPLICATOR WE CAN HAVE ALL THE MONEY WE WANT... **ANYTHING!** WHATEVER WE FOCUS THE SCANNERON WILL BE **OURS!**

IT...IT **WORKED**... HE **LOOKS** EXACTLY LIKE ME! BUT...BUT SOMETHING'S **WRONG**...IF HE'S MY EXACT DUPLICATE, WHY DOESN'T HE **THINK** THE WAY I DO? WHY DOESN'T HE WANT TO USE THE MACHINE TO BENEFIT **HUMANITY**, THE WAY I DO?

WE'LL BE RICHER THAN ALL THE KINGS IN HISTORY PUT TOGETHER! WE'LL RULE THE WORLD...MAKE SLAVES OUT OF THE ENTIRE POPULATION!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S **WRONG!** THE MACHINE MUST HAVE A **FLAW**...IT CAN'T DUPLICATE THE **CONSCIENCE**, OR THE **SOUL!** HE... HE ISN'T REALLY HUMAN...BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY BEING ON EARTH WHO COMPLETELY **LACKS** A **SOUL!** AND THAT MAKES HIM THE MOST IMMORAL, POWER-HUNGRY BEAST THAT EVER LIVED!

I'VE GOT TO **DESTROY** THIS MONSTER I CREATED, BEFORE HE CAN SEIZE THE POWER THAT THE DUPLICATOR CAN GIVE HIM!

**NO, YOU WON'T!** YOU FORGET THAT WE'RE SO MUCH ALIKE THAT I CAN ANTICIPATE YOUR EVERY MOVE AND THOUGHT! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR MIND...BECAUSE IT'S ALSO **MY MIND!** YOU'LL **NEVER** GET RID OF ME AS LONG AS I CAN READ YOUR MIND AND PREDICT YOUR NEXT MOVE!

I...I MUSTN'T **THINK** OF WHERE I KEEP MY GUN...I **MUSTN'T!** IF I DON'T THINK OF THE HIDING PLACE, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO LEARN WHERE IT IS BY READING MY MIND! AND THEN, IF I CAN **ACT** WITHOUT THINKING OF WHAT I'M GOING TO DO...

A GUN...YOU'RE THINKING OF A **GUN!** WHERE IS IT? THINK OF ITS HIDING PLACE...OR I'LL KILL **YOU!**

HERE IT IS!

YAAAGHH!

BANG!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED...I CAN **PROVE** IT TO YOU BY SHOWING YOU THE MACHINE IS A DUPLICATOR!

IF YOU THINK A STORY LIKE THAT WILL KEEP YOU FROM THE CHAIR, YOU **ARE** CRAZY! I'LL TAKE THIS CONTRAPTION BACK TO MY OFFICE TO TURN OVER TO THE **D.A.**... BUT MEANWHILE, **TAKE HIM AWAY!**

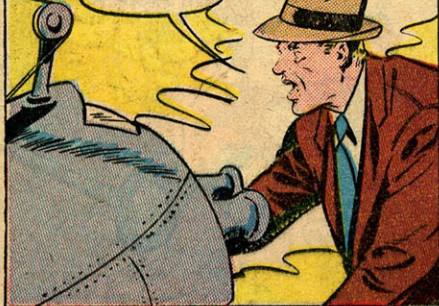
**BACK** IN LT. DAN JANSEN'S OFFICE...

THIS SURE IS A CRAZY-LOOKING GADGET! OF COURSE, IT DOESN'T DO WHAT THAT LOON **SAID** IT DOES, BUT I WONDER WHAT **WOULD** HAPPEN IF I PRESS THIS BUTTON...?

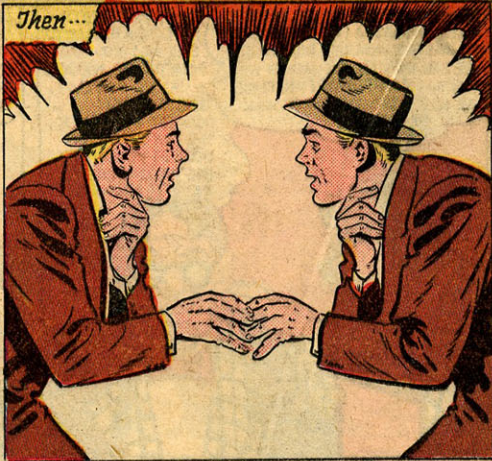


**BUT UNKNOWN TO DAN, THE SCANNER IS FOCUSED DIRECTLY ON HIM!**

THAT... THAT PAIN... THE WRENCHING... AND I... I CAN'T LET GO OF THE BUTTON... AS IF I'M PARALYZED!



Then...



IT... IT IS A DUPLICATOR... YOU'RE MY DOUBLE!

I SURE AM... AND THANKS FOR GIVING ME LIFE! BROTHER, WHAT A LIFE IT'S GONNA BE! I'LL NEED WEAPONS, SEE... BUT THE MACHINE CAN MAKE A THOUSAND TOMMY-GUNS OUTA ONE! IT CAN GIVE ME THE MEN TO OPERATE 'EM... AND THE MONEY TO RUN THE ARMY I'LL HAVE AT MY COMMAND!



HE'S JUST THE SAME AS HOMER'S DOUBLE... NO SOUL, NO CONSCIENCE... JUST A LUST FOR POWER! I... I MUSTN'T LET HIM USE THAT DUPLICATOR! I'LL HAVE TO DO WHAT HOMER DID... DESTROY HIM!

THINK SO? I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S IN YOUR MIND... AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO HURT ME!



OH, NO? THERE'S NO MAN ALIVE WHO CAN DUCK AWAY FROM ONE OF DAN JANSEN'S PUNCHES!

HAW, HAW... I KNEW IT WAS COMING THE MOMENT YOU THOUGHT OF STRIKING!



IT'S NO USE, YOU THICK-SKULLED DICK! WE'RE BOTH EQUALLY STRONG, AND WE BOTH KNOW THE SAME FIGHTING TRICKS! I'LL KNOW EVERY MOVE YOU'RE GONNA MAKE BEFORE YOU MAKE IT! WE CAN FIGHT FROM NOW TILL DOOMSDAY... AND IT'LL STILL BE A STALEMATE!

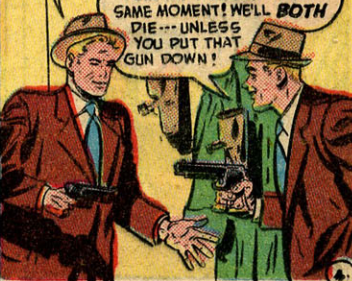
THAT GUN... IF I CAN ONLY GET TO IT BEFORE HE...



**BUT DAN'S DOUBLE HAS GENSED HIS THOUGHT! BOTH MAKE A SIMULTANEOUS BREAK... AND REACH THE GUNS SIMULTANEOUSLY!**

BLAST YOU, I'LL...

NO USE, DAN... I'LL KNOW THE EXACT INSTANT YOU START THINKING OF TIGHTENING YOUR TRIGGER FINGER... AND I'LL PULL MY TRIGGER AT THE SAME MOMENT! WE'LL BOTH DIE... UNLESS YOU PUT THAT GUN DOWN!







I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... AND ANYWAY, I COULDN'T KILL YOU EVEN THOUGH YOU **DESERVE TO DIE!** NO MATTER WHAT THE EXCUSE, I CAN'T KILL ANOTHER HUMAN... AND **YOU'RE HUMAN!**

I DON'T HAVE A CONSCIENCE--FORTUNATELY, SO... **GOODBYE, SUCKER!**



NO, NO... **ARRRRGHH!**

**BANG!**



THAT SHOT... WHAT HAPPENED, DAN?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU BIRDS... WHY'D YOU LET THIS MANIAC IN HERE? HE ATTACKED ME... I HAD TO SHOOT IN SELF-DEFENSE!



HUH? BUT NO ONE CAME IN... WHO IS THIS GUY?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? TOO BAD HE DUCKED HIS FACE RIGHT INTO MY SHOT... HE'LL **NEVER** BE IDENTIFIED NOW!



THAT NIGHT, IN DAN'S APARTMENT...

NOW THAT I HAD THAT DUPLICATOR IN A SAFE SPOT, I CAN RELAX AND ENJOY THAT FOOL'S PLACE! BEING A DETECTIVE IS A PERFECT BLIND FOR THE BEGINNING OF MY OPERATIONS... AND **NOTHING** CAN STOP ME NOW! EVEN IF THEY TRY TO PROSECUTE ME FOR THAT MURDER, I KNOW THE **PERFECT** WAY TO BEAT THE RAP!



**B**UT IN THE MORNING, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY PAYS A GRIM CALL...

I CHECKED THE FINGERPRINTS OF THAT MAN YOU SHOT YESTERDAY... AND THEY TURNED OUT TO BE THOSE OF **DAN JANSEN!** YOUR LITTLE IMPERSONATION SCHEME DIDN'T WORK... I'M **HOLDING YOU FOR HIS MURDER!**

WELL, WELL... BUT YOU'VE GOT A SURPRISE COMING WHEN YOU CHECK MY PRINTS! YOU'LL FIND THEM **IDENTICAL!** TSK, TSK... AND THE EXPERTS ALWAYS SAID IT WAS **IMPOSSIBLE!**



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE... UNTIL THAT **DUPLICATING MACHINE** I'VE BEEN TOLD ABOUT WAS BUILT! I LEARNED ALL ABOUT IT FROM THE OOP'S WHO WENT OUT ON THAT INVENTOR MURDER CASE YESTERDAY, AND I'VE GOT THIS CASE ALL FIGURED OUT! **YOU'RE DAN'S DUPLICATE**... AND I **ARREST YOU FOR HIS MURDER!**

GO AHEAD, SUCKER... **SEE IF YOUR CASE STANDS UP IN COURT!**



ALL RIGHT, THATCHER... I HIRED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SMARTEST MOUTH-PIECE IN TOWN! IF YOU GET ME CLEAR, I'LL CUT YOU IN ON HALF OF ALL I MAKE WITH THE DUPLICATOR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING... NO JURY IN THE WORLD WILL CONVICT YOU AFTER I FINISH TALKING TO 'EM!



# AT THE TRIAL...

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY... MY CLIENT, DAN JANSEN, IS ACCUSED OF KILLING DAN JANSEN... OF KILLING HIMSELF! WELL, HE CONFESSES THAT HE KILLED HIMSELF... BUT SINCE THE PROSECUTION ADMITS THAT THE DEFENDANT IS DAN JANSEN, THEN THE MURDER VICTIM IS OBVIOUSLY ALIVE... AND YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY CONVICT HIM OF HIS OWN MURDER!



LOOK... THE JURY-MEN ARE NODDING THEIR HEADS... AS IF HE'S CONVINCED 'EM! WE'RE GOING TO LOSE THIS CASE... THEY'LL FREE HIM!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! THEY... WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



DO YOU, DAN JANSEN, ADMIT THAT YOU KILLED DAN JANSEN... THAT YOU KILLED YOURSELF?

HAW!

SURE I KILLED MYSELF... BUT HOW CAN YOU CONVICT ME OF MY OWN MURDER?



YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENDANT HAS JUST CONFESSED TO KILLING HIMSELF... HE HAS CONFESSED TO SUICIDE... WHICH IS A CRIME UNDER THE LAWS OF THIS STATE! THE PROSECUTION HEREBY CHANGES THE CHARGE FROM MURDER TO SUICIDE... AND SINCE THE DEFENDANT HAS ALREADY CONFESSED HIS GUILT TO THAT CRIME, WE ASK YOUR HONOR TO SENTENCE THIS CRIMINAL IMMEDIATELY!



NO, NO... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

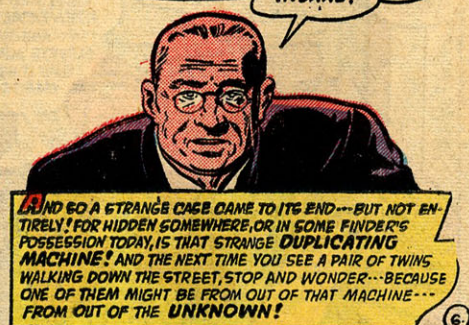
YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT...

ORDER IN THE COURT... **OBJECTION OVERRULED!** THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS ENTIRELY WITHIN HIS RIGHTS IN CHANGING THE INDICTMENT FROM MURDER TO SUICIDE... AND THE COURT IS JUSTIFIED IN SEEING THAT THE DEFENDANT... A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE OR A SOUL... **BE PUNISHED FOR HIS CRIME IF ADJUDGED GUILTY!**



# GUILTY!

DAN JANSEN, YOU HAVE CONFESSED YOUR GUILT TO THE CRIME OF SUICIDE, AND SINCE SUICIDE IS COMMITTED ONLY BY THE **MENTALLY DERANGED**, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN THE ASYLUM FOR THE **CRIMINALLY INSANE!**



AND SO A STRANGE CASE CAME TO ITS END... BUT NOT ENTIRELY! FOR HIDDEN SOMEWHERE, OR IN SOME FINDER'S POSSESSION TODAY, IS THAT STRANGE **DUPLICATING MACHINE!** AND THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A PAIR OF TWINS WALKING DOWN THE STREET, STOP AND WONDER... BECAUSE ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE FROM OUT OF THAT MACHINE... FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN!**



# Announcing

# OPERATION: PERIL



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THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF  
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE  
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

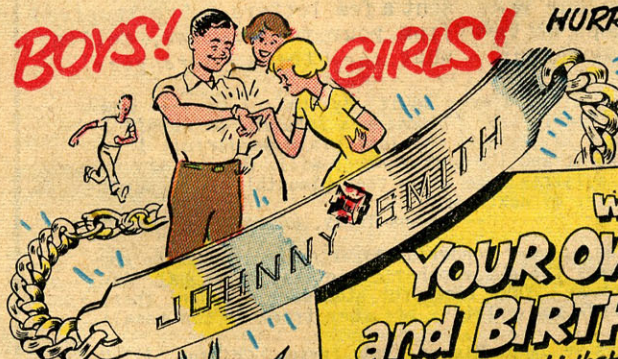
# OPERATION: PERIL

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EDITOR



**H**ELLO, FOLKS! It's nice to meet you again, all you old friends...and to welcome the new members of that world-wide organization known as *Loyal Fans of "Adventures into the Unknown"*!

It's a wonderful thing, having the large and enthusiastic following which we enjoy...but it's imposed a terrific responsibility on us! For people like you aren't satisfied with run-of-the-mill ghost stories. You know the supernatural realm far too well for that. Rightly, you demand a better calibre of story, challengingly devised and intriguingly illustrated. You demand all the mystery and allure of the great *Unknown*...products of ace writers and trained research investigators. Yes, this has been our responsibility...and we hope we've lived up to it. We've done our

best in this present issue, and whether we've succeeded depends on your reaction. There's "*The Werewolf Strikes*", for instance... a new version of the time-honored werewolf legend. And we hope you like "*The Haunted Morgue*", a radically different type of supernatural yarn which should make your heart beat faster. Then, there's "*Land of the Zombies*", bringing you, to the muffled thud of death drums, a breathless tale of jungle terror you'll remember forever! All these, plus other tense and gripping features, presented for your entertainment... in your magazine!

Write and tell us how you like them, won't you? And if you'll bear with us, we'd like to present a few letters we've received from your fellow-fans, telling what they think. Here goes!

"I'm amazed! How did you ever do it? By that, I mean -- how did you ever put out a comic like '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'? I think it's magnificent, stupendous and just plain wonderful! I've never read a comic like it and I'm sure I never will. Please, try to put your magazine out a little more often than bimonthly -- it seems like centuries till I get my next copy!

-- Deanna Terry, Los Angeles, Cal."

"We've been a fan of your wonderful magazine as long as we can remember. We don't think there's another comic that can equal '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. Your ideas for stories are super! Where do you get those legends you print -- are they true? We can't wait for the next issue!

-- Two Faithful Fans -- Janet Bishop, Judy Irving, Chicago, Ill."

"I've read many spine-chilling magazines, but there's no denying that yours is the best. I have come to the conclusion that what your readers really want when they ask for stories about werewolves and vampires are more terrifying tales and pictures. So come on, be a sport -- we're not afraid if you're not!

-- C. Roland, Pittsburgh, Pa."

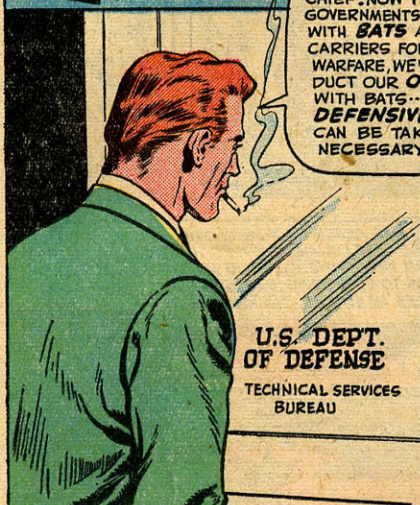
Editor's note: Sure, we like to thrill readers, and we'll continue to do so! But our chief aim, as always, will be stories that intrigue and challenge!

Well -- that's that! We'll close the mail bag for this issue, with the hope that you'll con-

tribute to it soon. Remember that we want to hear from you -- so write us!



# The FACE in the MOONSTONE

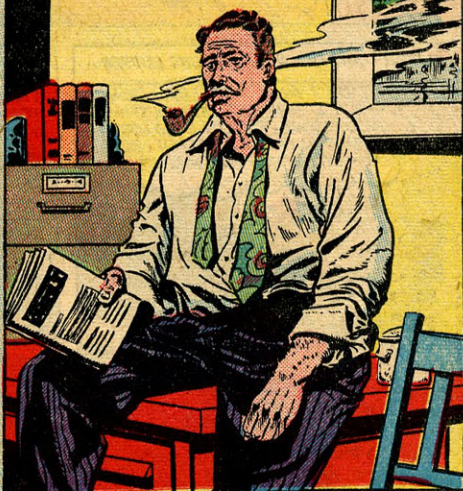


U.S. DEPT.  
OF DEFENSE  
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WHY, IT'S A DEFINITE **MENACE**, CHIEF! NOW THAT WE KNOW SEVERAL GOVERNMENTS ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH **BATS** AS POSSIBLE GERM-CARRIERS FOR USE IN BACTERIAL WARFARE, WE'VE GOT TO CONDUCT OUR **OWN** RESEARCH WITH BATS...SO THAT **DEFENSIVE** MEASURES CAN BE TAKEN IF NECESSARY!

EXACTLY, VAN! NOW, WHILE NO AMERICAN BATS ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO OFFER SUFFICIENT FLYING RANGE...THERE **MAY** BE A SOLUTION IN THIS FRENCH SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL!

**SCIENCE** MAY BE THE HIGHROAD OF CIVILIZATION...BUT SOMETIMES, UNEXPECTEDLY, IT TAKES A STRANGE DETOUR INTO THE **UNKNOWN!** THEN THE OLD CONFIDENT ANSWERS SOUND HOLLOW...CONFRONTED BY TAUNTING MYSTERIES LIKE **THE FACE IN THE MOONSTONE!**



HMM...A NUMBER OF **IMMENSE** BATS HAVE BEEN REPORTED AROUND A HILLSIDE NEAR ANCIENT FECHAMP ABBEY...IN SOUTHERN FRANCE!

VAN, THIS IS A TOP-DRAWER PROJECT! I WANT YOU TO HOP A PLANE AND BRING BACK A FEW OF THOSE BATS!



THAT NIGHT...JUST A FEW HOURS BEFORE PLANE TIME...

I DON'T WANT TO PRY INTO THE REASON BEHIND YOUR TRIP, VAN, ...BUT I HAVE THE STRANGEST **UNEASINESS** ABOUT IT!

GOSH, LORNA...I'LL BE GONE ONLY A FEW DAYS! WHENEVER YOU FEEL LONELY, PET, JUST LOOK AT THAT **MOONSTONE** RING I GAVE YOU...AND REMEMBER IT MEANS WE'RE **ENGAGED!**



I HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT THE RING, VAN! AND SOMEHOW I FEEL YOU SHOULD TAKE IT WITH YOU...AS IF IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL **NEED!**

LOOK, HONEY...I **KNOW** MOONSTONES WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE MAGICAL QUALITIES IN ANCIENT TIMES...BUT I'M A **SCIENTIST!**





THEN...AS A FAINT, PEALING LAUGH RINGS OUT...LIKE THE CHIME OF DISTANT BELLS...

VAN! THERE'S A WOMAN'S FACE IN THE MOONSTONE...AN EVIL, JEERING FACE!

HA-HA-HA!

AS THE SATANICALLY BEAUTIFUL FEATURES FADE...

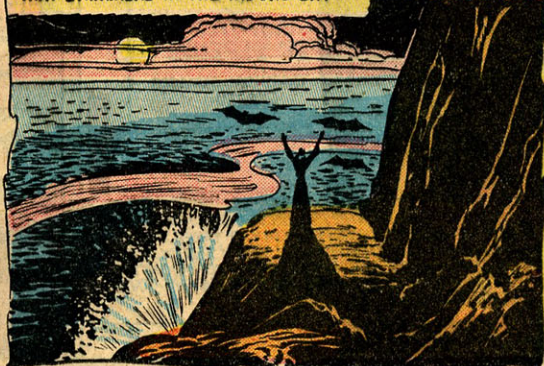
I'M SURE THAT WE'VE SOMEHOW GOTTEN A SIGN OF DANGER! PLEASE, VAN...DON'T MAKE THAT TRIP ALONE!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN OPTICAL ILLUSION, LORNA...BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO WORRY EVERY MINUTE I'M GONE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME WITH ME!

LATER...ABOARD A PARIS-BOUND CLIPPER...

I DIDN'T WANT TO ALARM LORNA...BUT I SAW THAT FACE IN THE MOONSTONE, TOO! I'M GLAD LORNA SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT...SHE'S NAPPING QUIETLY!

BUT CAN DREAMS REACH GROPINGLY OUT...TOWARD THE SINISTER REALITIES THAT LIE AHEAD? A ROCKY CRAG RISES LIKE A GRIM VISION IN LORNA'S SLEEPING MIND...THE LAUGHING WOMAN SEEMS TO BE WAITING, DRESSED IN A CLINGING ROBE THAT SHIMMERS IN THE MOONLIGHT...



...AND THE SHADOWS PLAYING AROUND HER ARE CAST BY MONSTROUS BATS, WHEELING IN THE INKY AIR!

HA-HA-HA! WIZARDS AND MEN OF FAITH HAVE TRIED TO TRAP ME...AND NOW...HA-HA...A SCIENTIST!

AS LORNA WAKES WITH A START...

OH-H! VAN...I SAW THAT WOMAN AGAIN IN A NIGHTMARE...WITH HIDEOUS-LOOKING BATS FLAPPING AROUND HER!

RELAX, PET! IT'S A PERFECTLY NATURAL DREAM...YOU WERE BOUND TO RETAIN THE IMAGE OF THE WOMAN'S FACE...AND TIE IT IN WITH THE FACT THAT WE'RE GOING TO FRANCE TO SEARCH FOR BATS!

WE'RE GOING AFTER BATS? BUT VAN...I DIDN'T KNOW...UNTIL THIS VERY MOMENT!

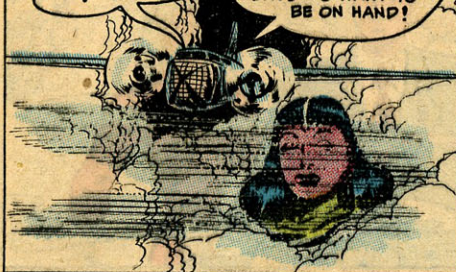




**NOW...THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMS CHARGED WITH DOUBT AND DREAD!**

NO USE PRETENDING, LORNA...WE ARE HEADING STRAIGHT INTO A SUPERNATURAL MYSTERY! MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU WAITED IN PARIS...WHILE I SEE WHAT'S BEHIND IT!

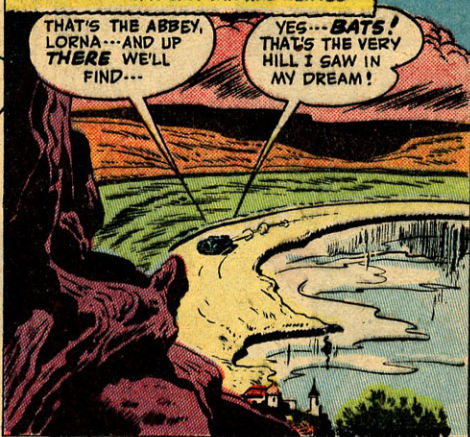
VAN FLETCHER, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FECHAMP ABBEY WITHOUT ME! IF THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE...EVEN A GHOSTLY ONE SURROUNDED BY BATS...I WANT TO BE ON HAND!



**NEXT DAY...IN A CAR VAN HAS RENTED...**

THAT'S THE ABBEY, LORNA...AND UP THERE WE'LL FIND...

YES...BATS! THAT'S THE VERY HILL I SAW IN MY DREAM!



OH, WELL...SUPPOSE WE DO WIND UP WITH SNOW-WHITE HAIR? LET'S GET STARTED!

BETTER LET ME CARRY THE FIELD KIT, LORNA...I'VE GOT DYNAMITE AND PERCUSSION CAPS AMONG MY EQUIPMENT!



A HALF HOUR LATER... NEAR THE STARK, BARREN SUMMIT...

HMM...THIS ROCK IS A TYPE KNOWN AS FELDSPAR...AND IT'S COMMONLY FOUND NEAR CAVES!

CAVES? THERE'S NOTHING UP AHEAD BUT A PILE OF BIG BOULDERS!



THAT'S JUST IT...I'VE GOT A HUNCH THOSE ROCKS ARE BLOCKING A CAVE...AND THAT THEY WERE PLACED THERE FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE! IF I'M RIGHT, A BLAST WILL OPEN UP A CAVE TO US!

THERE DOES SEEM TO BE A DRAFT OF COLD AIR FLOWING THROUGH THAT NARROW OPENING!



Then... {GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE ARE EYES... AND THAT MUFFLED LAUGH IS THE ONE I HEARD FROM THE MOONSTONE FACE! SHE'S INSIDE THE CAVE!}



VAN...WAIT... WAIT! DON'T EXPLODE THE DYNAMITE!

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT? THERE'S PLENTY OF DISTANCE BETWEEN YOU AND THE BLAST! JUST HOLD YOUR EARS, BABY!





**IN THE NEXT SECOND...**

JUST LOOK AT THAT CAVE! I SAID WE'D FIND SOMETHING!

I...I JUST HOPE IT ISN'T A CASE OF SOMETHING FINDING US!

**BOOM!**

WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR JUST A QUICK LOOK, LORNA! IT SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN DARK FAST...AND THE WIND'S RISING!

**VAN!... THOSE BATS!**

**T**HERE'S A REASON FOR THE BLACK SHADOWS AND STIRRING AIR... A REASON THAT CHANGES A NIGHTMARE INTO SHUDDERING REALITY!

NO REAL BAT IS ANYWHERE NEAR THAT LARGE! WHATEVER TERRIBLE PROPHECY WAS FORETOLD BY THE FACE IN THE MOONSTONE...IT'S STARTING NOW!

**L**ORNA SHRINKS BACK AS THE CREATURES FLIT CLOSER...AND SUNLIGHT STRIKES HER HAND...FLASHING AGAINST THE UPRaised MOONSTONE!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, VAN! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAMPERED WITH SOMETHING WE CAN'T CONTROL!

**A**S THE BATS VEER AWAY... FLAPPING TO THE CRAGS ABOVE...

MAYBE WE CAN CONTROL THEM, LORNA! DIDN'T YOU NOTICE HOW THEY SWERVED WHEN THE MOONSTONE RING FLASHED IN THE SUN?

IT ISN'T JUST THE BATS, VAN! SHE'S UP THERE, IN THE CAVE... THAT SATANIC WOMAN WITH THE EVIL LAUGH!

**T**hen...RIPPLING LIKE AN UNCOILED MENACE IN THE EVENING AIR...

**HA HA HA HA!**  
IT DOES SOUND LIKE HER...AND IT'S GETTING CLOSER!

**A** MOMENT LATER...

HEH-HEH! SO THESE ARE THE FOOLS WHO RELEASED ME!

WHA...? I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT HORRIBLE FACE! LORNA... QUICK, TURN THE MOONSTONE TOWARD HER!

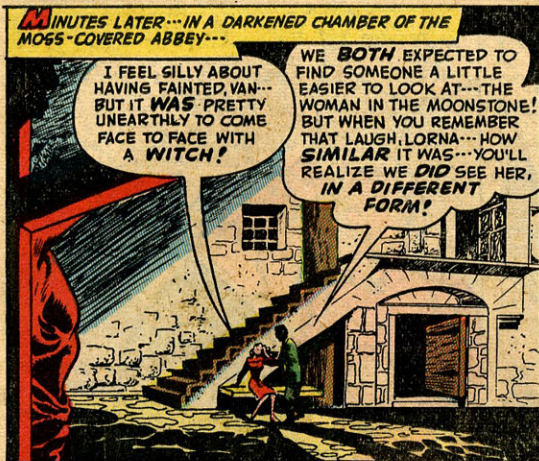




**MAA-KAAHAA!**

TAKE ME AWAY, VAN... I'M... FAINTING...!

**HALFWAY DOWN THE SLOPE, VAN LOOKS BACK! THE WITCH STANDS IN FRONT OF THE YAWNING CAVE, HER RAGS FLAP-PING IN THE SUNSET BREEZE --- THE BAT'S FLAPPING AROUND HER!**



I FEEL SILLY ABOUT HAVING FAINTED, VAN... BUT IT WAS PRETTY UNEARTHLY TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH A WITCH!

WE BOTH EXPECTED TO FIND SOMEONE A LITTLE EASIER TO LOOK AT... THE WOMAN IN THE MOONSTONE! BUT WHEN YOU REMEMBER THAT LAUGH, LORNA... HOW SIMILAR IT WAS... YOU'LL REALIZE WE DID SEE HER, IN A DIFFERENT FORM!



**SUDDENLY... SOUNDING LIKE HOLLOW DRUMBEATS IN THE VAULTED CORRIDOR, COMES THE MEASURED THUD OF SLOW FOOTSTEPS... AND A DARK, WAVING SHADOW REARS ON THE WALL!**

SIT TIGHT, PET... AND KEEP YOUR HEAD!

**THUMP THUMP THUMP**



GOOD EVENING, MY CHILDREN!

THE PASTOR! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO ENTER THE ABBEY UNINVITED, CURE... WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE DOING SOME SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, AND...



YOU NEEDN'T APOLOGIZE! BETTER TO HAVE YOU SEEK SHELTER HERE, WITH NIGHT COMING ON, THAN UP THERE... ON THE HILL!

I GATHER WE WON'T HAVE TO DO MUCH EXPLAINING ABOUT WHAT WE FOUND UP THERE... YOU SEEM TO KNOW MORE ABOUT IT THAN WE DO!



I KNOW ONLY WHAT HAPPENED CENTURIES AGO, MY SON... IN MEDIEVAL TIMES!

YOU MEAN THE WITCH EXISTED THEN?



IF THE DEVIL EXISTS... **SHE** EXISTED! HER BEAUTY WAS A SNARE... A DISGUISE TO LURE MEN INTO EMBRACING HER! ONCE A VICTIM ACCEPTED HER CARESSES, HE WAS LOST... HE BECAME A BAT, A CREATURE OF DARKNESS SERVING THE **QUEEN OF DARKNESS... LILITH!**

LILITH... I DON'T RECALL ANY REPORTS ABOUT HER IN RECENT TIMES... GO **SOMETHING** MUST HAVE BROKEN THE SPELL!

YES, A METHOD **WAS** FOUND... AND MAYBE YOU, AS A SCIENTIST, CAN EXPLAIN WHY IT WAS EFFECTIVE... AFTER EVERYTHING **ELSE** FAILED! NEITHER HEAVY CHAINS NOR MASSIVE WALLS COULD WITHSTAND LILITH'S WITCHCRAFT... BUT ONE NIGHT A GROUP OF PEASANTS STOLE UP THE HILL WHEN SHE RETURNED TO HER CAVE! THEY ROLLED HUGE BOULDERS INTO THE OPENING... AND **THIS** TIME, LILITH REMAINED IMPRISONED!



UNTIL **TODAY!** I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN... BUT I BLASTED THE CAVE OPEN... AND THERE WAS A WITCH INSIDE!

THAT IS THE SHAPE LILITH ASSUMES BY DAY... BUT SHE WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM WHEN SHE STALKS TO-NIGHT! WE ARE CLOSE TO THE CAVE, MY SON... YOU ARE YOUNG AND HANDSOME... **SHE WILL COME TO YOU!**

VAN... WE **MUSTN'T** STAY HERE!

I CAN'T LET LILITH TERRORIZE THE COUNTRYSIDE... AFTER I UNWITTINGLY RELEASED HER! BE-SIDES... I THINK I KNOW **WHY** LILITH COULDN'T ESCAPE FROM THE BLOCKED CAVE! THE WITCH HERSELF ISN'T REPELLED BY THE MOONSTONE... EXCEPT AT NIGHT, WHEN SHE TAKES ON HER ALLURING DIS-GUISE!



THAT WAS THE SECRET THE PEASANTS STUMBLED ON WHEN THEY WALLED UP THE CAVE... THEY USED **FEEDSPAR** BOULDERS CONTAINING BITS OF **CRUDE MOONSTONE!** THAT GEM REPRESENTS THE **MOON**, WHICH HIDES A DARK PLANET IN THE NEARBY SKY... A PLANET KNOWN AS **LILITH!** WE'LL WAIT FOR

LILITH... AND SEE IF SHE CAN'T BE CHECKED FOREVER!

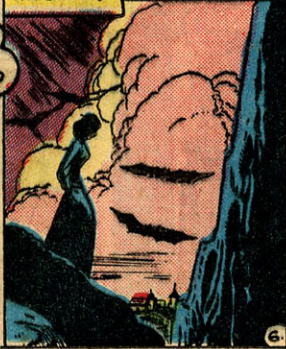
Then... WITH A SINGLE CANDLE WANLY FINGERING THE DARKNESS...

I WANT YOU TO LIE DOWN AND PRE-TEND TO SLEEP LORNA! THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** WILL HAPPEN... BUT REMEMBER... **DON'T GET PANICKY!**

I'M SCARED NOW, VAN... BUT I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!



**Far** BEYOND THE FORBIDDING CRAGS OF PECHAMP HILL, A ROOSTER CHALLENGES THE CREEPING MINUTES OF MIDNIGHT... AND IN THE GOLD GREEN MOONLIGHT, A FIGURE GLIDES DOWN THE SLOPE!





**IT'S** LILITH, RADIANT WITH UNHOLY BEAUTY... AND SHE SPEAKS PURRINGLY TO THE MONSTROUS BATS THAT CIRCLE AROUND HER!



**HA-HA-HA!** BEFORE THE MOON DIMS, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER SOUL... ANOTHER BAT!



**A** MOMENT LATER... LIKE THE SOUND OF BEWITCHING MUSIC...

**HA HA HA!**

LILITH'S LAUGH... STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD SOUND SO ENTICING... EVEN WHEN I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!



**THEN** A FORM TAKES SHAPE... A FORM WITH EYES HALF CLOSED AND ARMS EXTENDED INVITINGLY!

SHE'S FASCINATING! MAYBE IT'S A MISTAKE TO BELIEVE THOSE ANCIENT LEGENDS... A CREATURE THAT LOVELY CAN'T BE A WITCH!



**BUT** AS VAN'S HAND TIGHTENS ON THE MOONSTONE RING...

HOLD ON, OLD BOY... THAT MASK OF LOVELINESS HAS DOOMED HUNDREDS OF VICTIMS... DON'T LET IT TRAP YOU!

WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE, LILITH? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ONLY TO KNOW I AM STILL BEAUTIFUL! ONLY TO HAVE YOU PROVE IT... WITH YOUR ARMS!



**A** CRUEL, EXPECTANT LOOK FLICKERS OVER LILITH'S FACE AS VAN'S HAND RISES... BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

**STOP!** WHAT ARE YOU PLACING ON MY FOREHEAD... WHILE I WAIT FOR KISSES?

A CIRCLE, LILITH... THE SIGN OF THE MOON... MADE WITH A MOONSTONE!



**STAGGERING**, LILITH CLUTCHES HER THROAT... SHRIEKING A CROAKING SUMMONS AS SHE UNDERGOES A HAIR-RAISING TRANSFORMATION!

SPIRITS... HELP ME! IT'S THE MAGIC SIGN... MADE WITH THE MAGIC STONE! I'M CHANGING... BECOMING A WITCH...

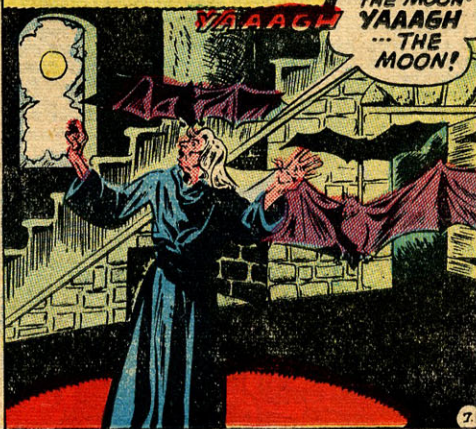
GO AHEAD, LILITH... CHANGE! BUT YOU CAN ONLY EXIST AS A WITCH IN THE DAY-TIME... SO WATCH WHAT EFFECT THE MOONLIGHT WILL HAVE ON YOU!



Then... WITH AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK...

**YAAAGH**

THE MOON! YAAAGH... THE MOON!





**AS LILITH'S FORM DISSOLVES FOREVER IN THE DRIFTING MOONBEAMS...**

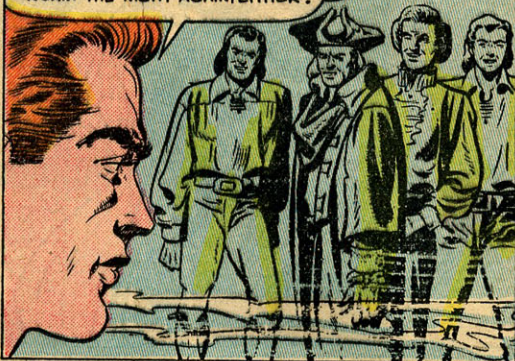
BUT THE **BATS**, VAN! TURN THE RING TOWARD THEM--AND LET'S GET **RID** OF THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS!

MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO---NOW THAT LILITH'S GONE! **WATCH!**



**SLOWLY, THE SPIRITS OF LILITH'S VICTIMS ARE RESTORED... AND SLOWLY, AS THEY GAZE AT VAN IN SILENT GRATITUDE...**

THE SPELL IS BROKEN, LORNA! THEY'RE DISAPPEARING---AND **THEY'LL** NEVER ROAM THE NIGHT AGAIN, EITHER!



THEIR SPIRITS ARE FINALLY AT REST, MY SON---AND NOW **WE** CAN REST---KNOWING THE LONG, MISTY NIGHTS WILL BE PEACEFUL HEREAFTER!

WE'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, CURE!



**EARLY NEXT DAY...**

I'D LIKE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THAT SWEET OLD CURE BEFORE WE LEAVE, VAN!

**SURE WE WILL!**

BUT FIRST---LET'S MAKE A FINAL CHECK-UP ON LILITH'S CAVE! THE SUN'S READY TO BREAK THROUGH THIS MIST---SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING SPOOKY UP THERE!



**AS VAN AND LORNA ENTER THE CAVE...**

VAN---THERE'S SOMETHING **IN** HERE!

YEP---**BATS!** THEY'RE PRETTY SMALL NUBBINS COMPARED TO THE THINGS THAT FLAPPED AROUND LILITH---BUT SOMETHING **THIS** SIZE IS EXACTLY WHAT I CAME AFTER!



**MINUTES LATER...AS AMBER SUNLIGHT FLOODS FECHAMP...**

THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE REALLY HAD TO SEE THE ABBEY, VAN---AND IT'S NOTHING BUT A **RUIN!**

LISTEN TO **THIS!** "TO THE MEMORY...OF ANTOINE DE POLIGNY...THE LAST CURE...OF THIS ABBEY...**DIED 1421!**" THE LAST CURE! HE WAITED CENTURIES TO MAKE SURE LILITH'S VICTIMS WOULD BE SAVED...BUT HIS LONG WATCH CAME TO AN END, LORNA...**LAST NIGHT!**



**BACK IN WASHINGTON...**

SINCE WE'RE **WORKING** WITH BATS, VAN, I FEEL BETTER ABOUT THEM THAN MOST PEOPLE---BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH GHOSTS AND WITCHES!

JUST A MEDIEVAL SUPERSTITION, CHIEF---ONE THAT PROBABLY GOES BACK AS FAR AS **1421!**







*They're a million miles  
ahead of everything!*

THE NEW 1950

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SPEED**

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CLIMB**

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Only LIONEL TRAINS, with Magne-Traction can take terrific curves at top speed. Only LIONEL Locomotives, with Magne-Traction, can climb a 20% grade...pull twice as many cars twice as fast...stop on a dime...start instantly on command! Magical Magne-Traction is a LIONEL exclusive...like so many other features that make LIONEL TRAINS the finest in the world...for 50 years! Ask your dealer for the latest Lionel Catalog—or mail coupon for special offer.

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Address

City  Zone  State



**ALL FOR  
25¢**



# Strange THERMOMETER

THE MOMENT RODNEY laid eyes on the ancient-looking thermometer, he knew he *had* to have it for his antique collection. There it was in the curio shop window, with faded medieval and cabalistic writing on it, looking as if it had recorded the temperatures of a thousand summers and winters. Yes, he had stumbled upon what was probably the oldest thermometer in existence... and with the avidity of the fanatical antique collector, Rodney swore he would possess it even if it cost him his very soul!

Inside, the tall, saturnine proprietor's eyes glowed with a strange fire when Rodney inquired the price of the thermometer. "It will cost you," the man intoned in a curiously hollow voice, his burning eyes fixed on Rodney's pockets, "exactly \$74.28."

Eagerly, Rodney took out his wallet and began counting the money out. "Why, that's odd," he said suddenly. "I've got exactly \$74.27...I guess I'll have to owe you a penny."

The proprietor pushed a piece of paper and a pen across the counter to Rodney, and said, "You will have to sign a promissory note for the cent... and if you do not pay it by tomorrow, the thermometer will become mine again."

Rodney tried to conceal the laughter bubbling up inside him at having to sign an I.O.U. for one cent, and didn't even bother reading the contract as he signed it. Then, eagerly pocketing the thermometer, he got into his car parked outside and drove home.

An hour later, Rodney sat before the fireplace, an ice-cold highball in one hand and the thermometer in the other. He sipped at his drink and then greedily fondled the thermometer, marvelling at his luck in having found it. "Think I'll try it out," he said suddenly. "I'll just dip it in this highball and see if the mercury goes down to the freezing point..."

But the moment he dropped the thermometer into the glass, a sudden blast of freezing cold seemed to descend upon the room, and Rodney dropped the glass in astonishment. Looking at the wall thermometer, he saw that the temperature of the room had dropped from 74 to 32 degrees in a split second...and outside the window, passers-by pulled up their collars and shivered at the sudden drop in temperature.

Wonderingly, Rodney picked up the fallen thermometer. "Was...was it just a coincidence?" he whispered. "Or did my dropping this medieval thermometer into the iced drink *cause* the outside temperature to drop to freezing? There's only one way to find out..."

Going over to the fireplace, Rodney carefully held the ancient thermometer over the flames...and instantly, the room temperature went up into the 90's, while passers-by wiped their foreheads and looked at each other in awe and fear at the sudden violent ups and downs of temperature.

"It...it *wasn't* a coincidence!" Rodney shouted. "This thermometer doesn't record temperatures...it *makes* them! I...I can produce hot or cold weather at will...I'll be...*Ohhh!*"

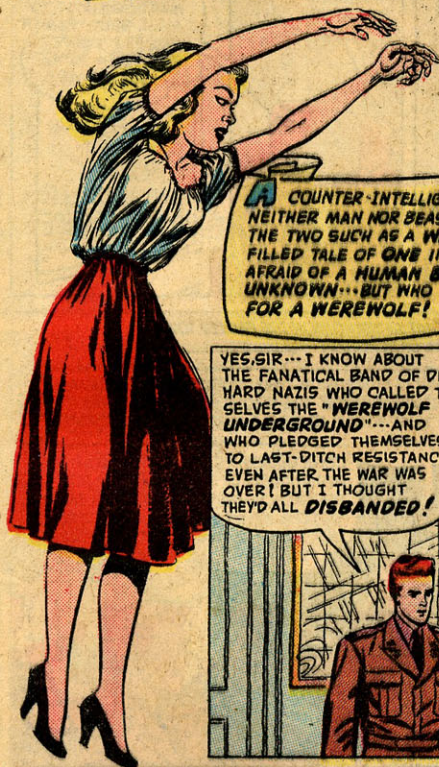
Rodney suddenly staggered back from the fireplace, realizing too late that he had brought the temperature up too high...and that he was succumbing to heat-stroke.

The next day, the newspapers reported the violent extremes of temperature the city had endured...and at the bottom of the obituary page was the small notice of the death of the well-known antique collector, Rodney Ferriss.

The next day, too, the curio shop proprietor had his ancient thermometer back...and another soul for his collection.



# The WEREWOLF STRIKES



**A** COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT IS SUPPOSED TO FEAR NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST...NOR ANY COMBINATION OF THE TWO SUCH AS A WEREWOLF! BUT HERE IS THE TERROR-FILLED TALE OF ONE INTELLIGENCE AGENT WHO WAS AFRAID OF A HUMAN BEAST FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWY UNKNOWN...BUT WHO STEELED HIMSELF TO BECOME BAIT... FOR A WEREWOLF!

YES, SIR... I KNOW ABOUT THE FANATICAL BAND OF DIE-HARD NAZIS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE "WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND"...AND WHO PLEDGED THEMSELVES TO LAST-DITCH RESISTANCE EVEN AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER! BUT I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL **DISBANDED!**

THEY DID... BUT THEIR **MYSTERIOUS LEADER** WAS NEVER CAUGHT! AND LATELY, SOME VERY PROMINENT DEMOCRATIC GERMANS WHO HAVE BEEN COOPERATING WITH THE OCCUPATION AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN FOUND HORRIBLY MURDERED... **CLAWED TO DEATH** BY SOMEONE WHO LEAVES **WOLF-TRACKS** BEHIND!



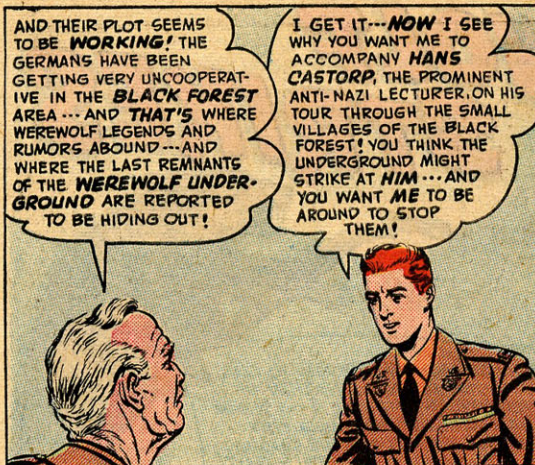
BUT SIR... SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THE **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND** CONTAINS MEN WHO ACTUALLY CHANGED THEMSELVES INTO **WOLVES** TO COMMIT THOSE MURDERS!

OF COURSE NOT, CAPTAIN DIXON... WEREWOLVES ARE MERELY **MYTHICAL**, **IMAGINARY CREATURES!** BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN **SOME REASON** WHY THE NAZI HIGH COMMAND GAVE THAT RESISTANCE MOVEMENT THE NAME OF **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND**...AND I THINK I KNOW **WHY!**

THOSE DIEHARD NAZIS WANTED TO **TERRORIZE** ALL GERMANS WHO COOPERATED WITH THE ALLIES... BY FRIGHTENING THEM INTO THE BELIEF THAT THE "WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND" WAS COMPOSED OF **REAL WEREWOLVES** WHO WOULD KILL ALL BETRAYERS OF THE REICH! SO WHENEVER THE UNDERGROUND MURDERS A NON-NAZI GERMAN, THEY PROBABLY CLAW HIM UP WITH A STUFFED WOLF-LEG...AND LEAVE THE WOLF-TRACKS BEHIND AS A WARNING TO OTHER GERMANS!

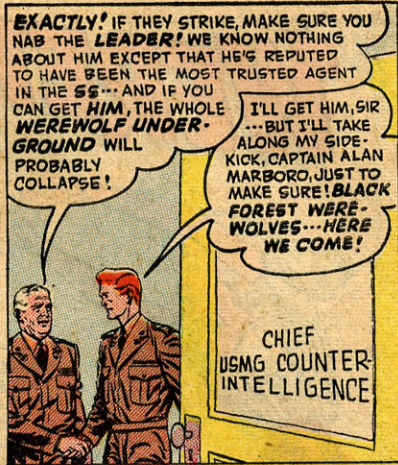






AND THEIR PLOT SEEMS TO BE **WORKING!** THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN GETTING VERY UNCOOPERATIVE IN THE **BLACK FOREST** AREA ... AND **THAT'S** WHERE WEREWOLF LEGENDS AND RUMORS ABOUND ... AND WHERE THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND** ARE REPORTED TO BE HIDING OUT!

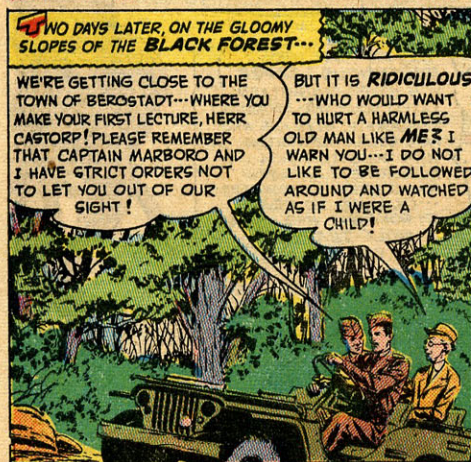
I GET IT---**NOW** I SEE WHY YOU WANT ME TO ACCOMPANY **HANS CASTORP**, THE PROMINENT ANTI-NAZI LECTURER, ON HIS TOUR THROUGH THE SMALL VILLAGES OF THE **BLACK FOREST!** YOU THINK THE UNDERGROUND MIGHT STRIKE AT **HIM** ... AND YOU WANT **ME** TO BE AROUND TO STOP THEM!



**EXACTLY!** IF THEY STRIKE, MAKE SURE YOU NAB THE **LEADER!** WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM EXCEPT THAT HE'S REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN THE MOST TRUSTED AGENT IN THE **SS** ... AND IF YOU CAN GET **HIM**, THE WHOLE **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND** WILL PROBABLY COLLAPSE!

I'LL GET HIM, SIR ... BUT I'LL TAKE ALONG MY SIDE-KICK, CAPTAIN ALAN MARBORO, JUST TO MAKE SURE! **BLACK FOREST WEREWOLVES** ... **HERE WE COME!**

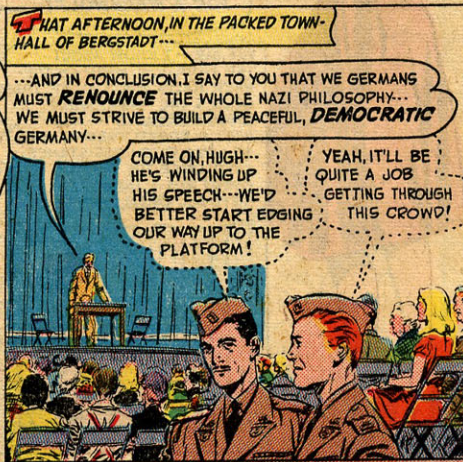
CHIEF  
USMG COUNTER-  
INTELLIGENCE



**TWO DAYS LATER, ON THE GLOOMY SLOPES OF THE BLACK FOREST...**

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE TOWN OF BERGSTADT ... WHERE YOU MAKE YOUR FIRST LECTURE, HERR CASTORP! PLEASE REMEMBER THAT CAPTAIN MARBORO AND I HAVE STRICT ORDERS NOT TO LET YOU OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

BUT IT IS **RIDICULOUS** ... WHO WOULD WANT TO HURT A HARMLESS OLD MAN LIKE **ME?** I WARN YOU--I DO NOT LIKE TO BE FOLLOWED AROUND AND WATCHED AS IF I WERE A CHILD!



**THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE PACKED TOWN-HALL OF BERGSTADT...**

...AND IN CONCLUSION, I SAY TO YOU THAT WE GERMANS MUST **RENUANCE** THE WHOLE NAZI PHILOSOPHY ... WE MUST STRIVE TO BUILD A PEACEFUL, **DEMOCRATIC** GERMANY...

COME ON, HUGH ... HE'S WINDING UP HIS SPEECH ... WE'D BETTER START EDGING OUR WAY UP TO THE PLATFORM!

YEAH, I'LL BE QUITE A JOB GETTING THROUGH THIS CROWD!



**BUT BY THE TIME THE TWO AMERICANS PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE THROG...**

HERR CASTORP? HE LEFT THROUGH THAT DOOR ... HE SAID HE ALWAYS TAKES A RELAXING WALK AFTER A LECTURE!

COME ON, ALAN ... WE'LL HOP IN THE JEEP OUTSIDE AND SCOUT AROUND FOR HIM! HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!



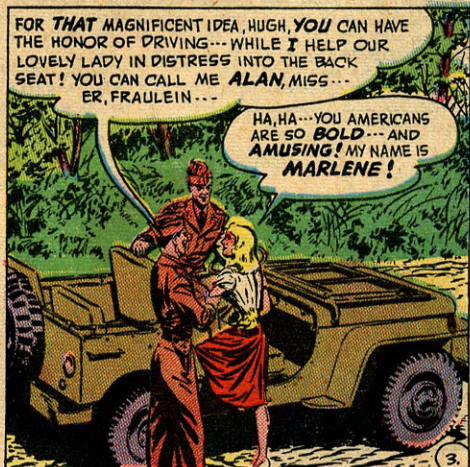
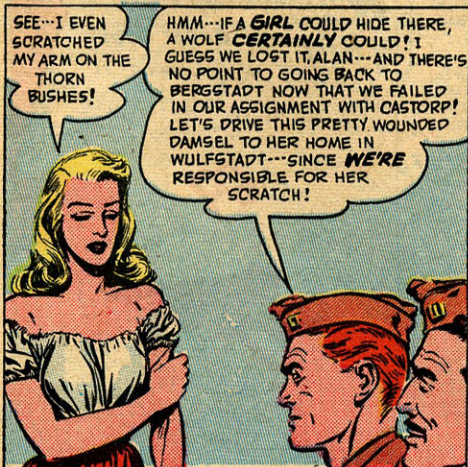
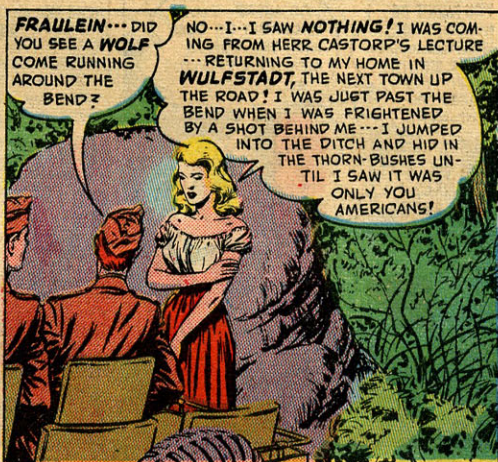
THAT'S FUNNY ... THIS IS A SMALL TOWN, AND WE'RE AT THE VERY EDGE OF IT ... BUT NO SIGN OF CAS ... **WAIT!** THAT ... THAT'S **CASTORP'S VOICE!**

**HELP!**

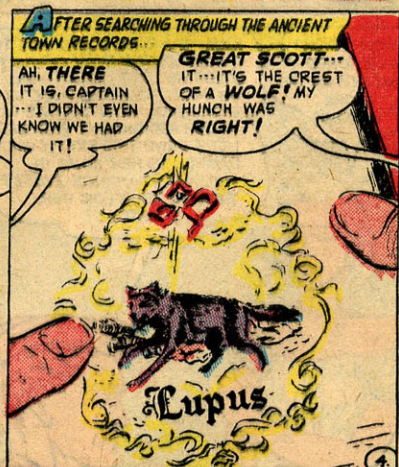
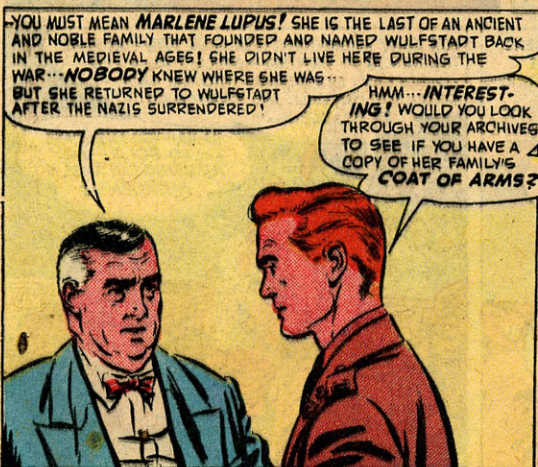
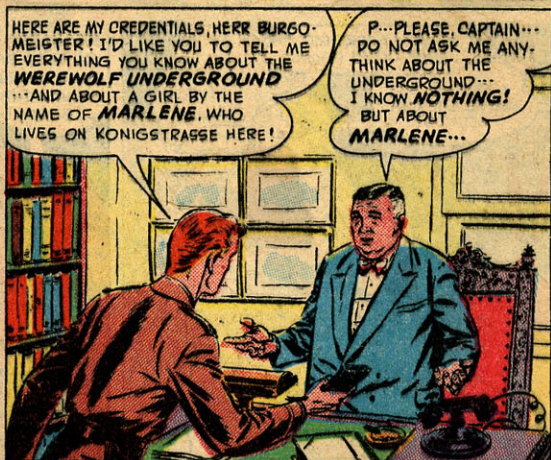
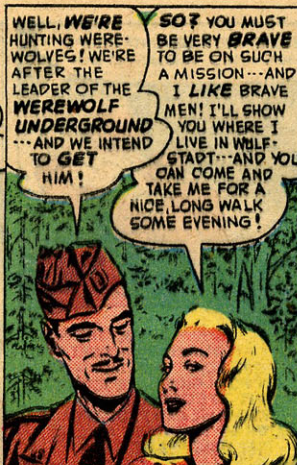


**GREAT SCOTT... LOOK!**

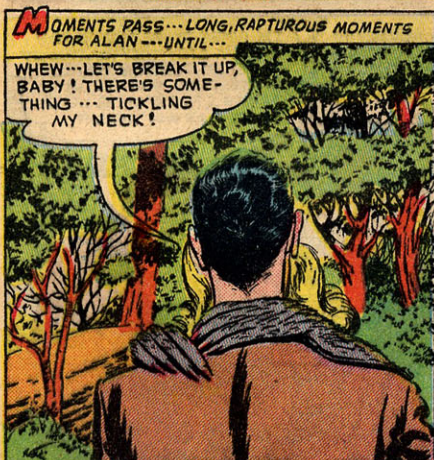
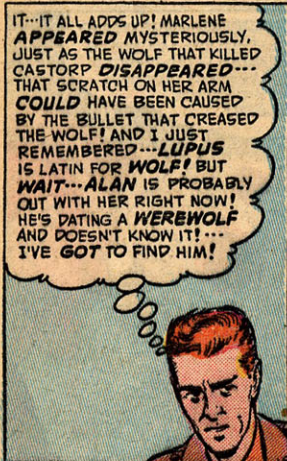
















I...I'M TOO LATE!--  
BUT I CAN STILL TAKE  
REVENGE!



BLAST IT!--  
I MISSED!

BAM!

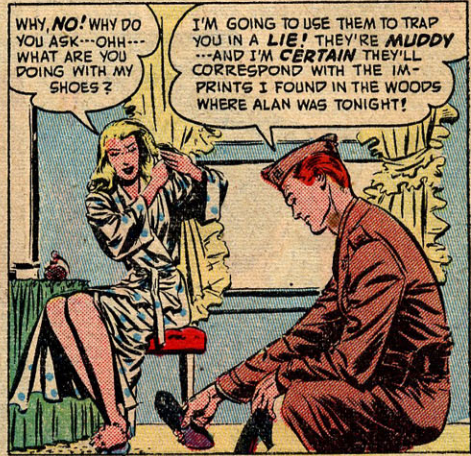


HE...HE WAS **MURDERED**--CRUELY!--AND  
HERE'S WHAT I EXPECTED--MARKS OF  
**HIGH-HEELED SHOES** INTERSPERSED  
AMONG THE WOLF-TRACKS! I'M GOING  
TO PAY A VISIT TO A CERTAIN  
**FRAULEIN!**



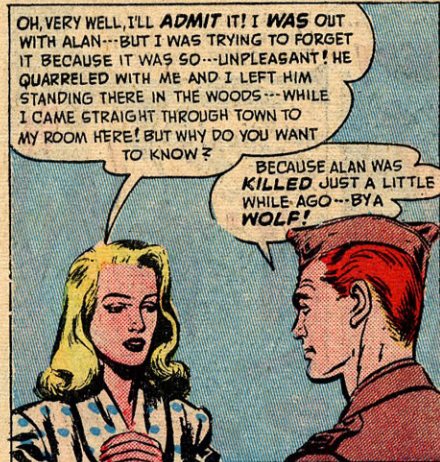
**COME IN!** OH, HEL-LO, CAPTAIN...  
I WAS JUST COMBING  
MY HAIR OUT...  
WON'T YOU SIT  
DOWN?

TELL ME...WERE YOU OUT  
WITH CAPTAIN ALAN  
MARBORO THIS  
EVENING?



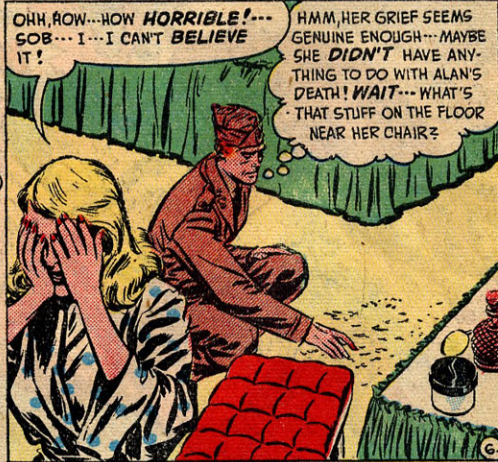
WHY, **NO!** WHY DO  
YOU ASK--OH--  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING WITH MY  
SHOES?

I'M GOING TO USE THEM TO TRAP  
YOU IN A **LIE!** THEY'RE **MUDDY**  
--AND I'M **CERTAIN** THEY'LL  
CORRESPOND WITH THE IM-  
PRINTS I FOUND IN THE WOODS  
WHERE ALAN WAS TONIGHT!



OH, VERY WELL, I'LL **ADMIT IT!** I **WAS** OUT  
WITH ALAN...BUT I WAS TRYING TO FORGET  
IT BECAUSE IT WAS SO...UNPLEASANT! HE  
QUARRELED WITH ME AND I LEFT HIM  
STANDING THERE IN THE WOODS--WHILE  
I CAME STRAIGHT THROUGH TOWN TO  
MY ROOM HERE! BUT WHY DO YOU WANT  
TO KNOW?

BECAUSE ALAN WAS  
**KILLED** JUST A LITTLE  
WHILE AGO--BY A  
**WOLF!**



OH, HOW--HOW **HORRIBLE!**--  
SOB... I... I CAN'T **BELIEVE**  
IT!

HMM, HER GRIEF SEEMS  
GENUINE ENOUGH--MAYBE  
SHE **DIDN'T** HAVE ANY-  
THING TO DO WITH ALAN'S  
**DEATH!** WAIT--WHAT'S  
THAT STUFF ON THE FLOOR  
NEAR HER CHAIR?





IT--IT WAS MY FAULT... I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM... PERHAPS IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

BURRS... LITTLE LEAVES... BITS OF BARK... AND SHE WAS COMBING ALL THIS OUT OF HER **HAIR!** SHE **COULDN'T** HAVE COME STRAIGHT THROUGH TOWN... SHE COULD HAVE GOTTEN THESE IN HER HAIR ONLY BY RUNNING THROUGH THE FOREST BRUSH... THE WAY THE **WOLF** DID! BUT THIS ISN'T **ENOUGH** PROOF...

THERE, THERE, MARLENE... IT WASN'T **YOUR** FAULT... YOU SHOULDN'T BLAME YOURSELF!

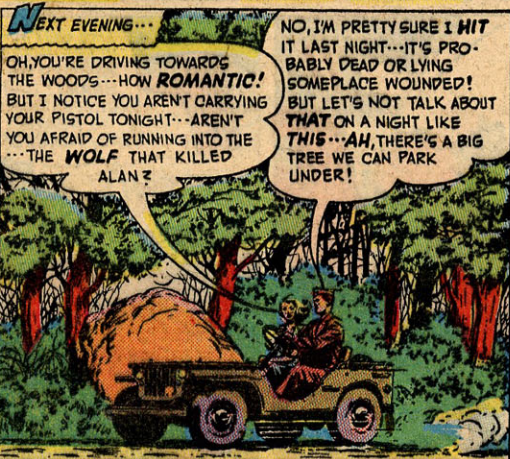


YOU... YOU'RE SO GOOD... SO KIND... **SO COMFORTING!** I... I WILL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN, YES?

SURE, HONEY... I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO FORGET THIS AWFUL TRAGEDY THAN BY GOING OUT WITH SOMEONE AS LOVELY AS **YOU!** I'LL PICK YOU UP TOMORROW NIGHT AND WE'LL GO FOR A DRIVE!



THE EVIDENCE I HAVE AGAINST HER WOULD BE LAUGHED OUT OF COURT... THEY'D SLAP ME INTO THE BUGHOUSE IF I ACCUSED HER OF BEING A **WEREWOLF!** BUT IF I'M **RIGHT**, SHE KILLED ALAN BECAUSE SHE WAS AFRAID OF OUR INVESTIGATION... AND SHE'LL BE AFTER **ME** NEXT! SO THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE GOODS ON HER IS TO VISIT THE LOCAL SILVERSMITH FIRST... AND THEN TO MAKE MYSELF **WEREWOLF BAIT!**



**NEXT EVENING...**

OH, YOU'RE DRIVING TOWARDS THE WOODS... HOW **ROMANTIC!** BUT I NOTICE YOU AREN'T CARRYING YOUR PISTOL TONIGHT... AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF RUNNING INTO THE... THE **WOLF** THAT KILLED ALAN?

NO, I'M PRETTY SURE I **HIT** IT LAST NIGHT... IT'S PROBABLY DEAD OR LYING SOMEPLACE WOUNDED! BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT ON A NIGHT LIKE **THIS**... AH, THERE'S A BIG TREE WE CAN PARK UNDER!



YOU'RE **BEAUTIFUL**, MARLENE... HEY... WHY ARE YOU PATTING MY POCKETS?

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE A KNIFE OR A GUN HIDDEN ON YOU SOMEWHERE! BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU ARE BRAVE... AND I **LIKE** BRAVE MEN! **KISS ME!**



**AND MOMENTS LATER...**

**DARLING**... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD SUCH LONG NAILS... YOU'RE DIGGING THEM INTO MY BACK! MARLENE... **STOP...!**

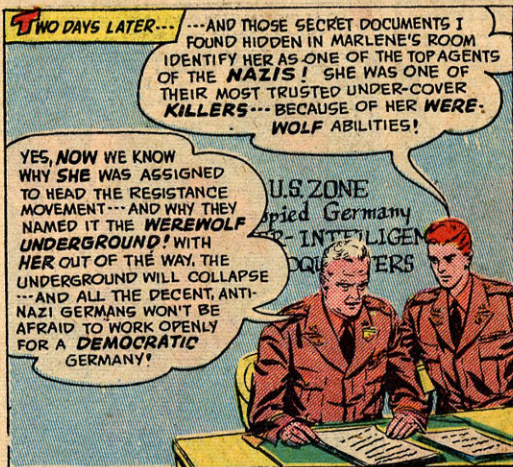


**AND AS CAPTAIN HUGH DIXON BREAKS AWAY FROM THAT EMBRACE OF DEATH...**

**GREAT SCOTT**... I... I WAS **RIGHT!**

NO, YOU WERE **WRONG**... YOU **SHOULD** HAVE BROUGHT ALONG A WEAPON, FOOL!







# WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

hello!  
I'm **SANDY!**  
I drink I wet I sleep  
and you can  
WAVE MY  
HAIR!

TERRIFIC  
VALUE!

3<sup>98</sup>

complete

SEND NO MONEY  
(C.O.D. you pay postage.)  
Remit with order, we pay postage.

AMAZING!  
FREE  
HAIR  
WAVE  
KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK  
AND WET DOLL in  
washable rubber WON-  
DERSKIN with life-like  
hair and realistic hair-wave  
hair complete with...plastic  
combs...rubber waving  
bands...waving end  
papers, plastic comb and...  
bottle of doll hair lotion.  
ADORABLE SANDY, 11  
inches tall, has sparkling  
blue eyes that open  
and close, she  
drinks from her  
bottle with rubber  
nipple (included)  
and then wets her  
diaper. You can bathe her  
legs and head—make her  
stand, walk and sleep.



**"KID PUNCHO"**

THE FIGHTING CLOWN

Her kid! Here's real fun, lots  
of action, real sport with  
PUNCHO — colorful, lively,  
animated punching bag. Knock  
it down, it always comes back  
at you for more! An absurd  
tackling dummy — wrestling  
partner — sparring partner.  
Punched against a wall it be-  
comes a rapid punching bag.  
Perfect as an exerciser and  
as trainer, indoors or out.  
Made of extra heavy long  
lasting vinylite, over  
25 inches tall, with  
metal valve for easy  
inflation. SEND NO  
MONEY. (C.O.D., you  
pay postage. Remit  
with order, we pay  
postage.

RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!

only  
\$1<sup>98</sup>

FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR!  
**ALL ELECTRIC**  
1951 AUTO SENSATION!

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
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IT  
STARTS!  
REVERSES!  
STOPS!  
STEERS!

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric train.  
REMOTE CAR is a revolutionary radioless remote control,  
colorful shining plastic. It runs and steers by remote control  
from a window or friction motor, but we ALL ELECTRIC PRE-  
CISION-MADE MOTOR, powered by 2 long lasting flashlight  
batteries. Push button for forward and you really make  
things happen. Here's real action to fascinate every child,  
and daddy too. RUSH YOUR ORDER! SEND NO MONEY.  
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine  
only  
\$3<sup>49</sup>  
COMPLETE!

**BLONDIE RUBBER SKIN**

SQUEEZE ME  
... I COO!

13 inches High  
Lifelike Appearance  
She Can Be Washed  
She Has Moving Eyes



Here she is now, that CUDDLY HUG-  
GABLE, bouncy baby BEAUTIFUL BLONDIE.  
CABLE is 13" high and her soft, smooth body  
is of REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN.  
SQUEEZE HER AND SHE COO! ... just like  
a baby. Every little mother will want Blon-  
die for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls  
sprightly, and they're thick and long just like  
real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in  
ribbons at night and suck her in bed and  
watch her long father sleepily nod those  
big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her  
first day of fun. Every child will have  
the time of her life giving her body a  
RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dressed  
in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress,  
cute panties, shoes and stockings. Wonder-  
ful, beautiful, amazing doll is yours for  
the unbelievably low price. SEND NO MONEY.  
Remit with order and we pay postage or  
order C.O.D. plus postage.

EVERYBODY LOVES ME...  
WON'T YOU?

IMAGINE  
ONLY  
2<sup>98</sup> complete

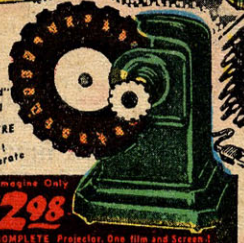
SEND  
NOW

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW!  
SUPER DELUXE  
**ELECTRIC FILM  
PROJECTOR**



SHOWS REAL  
FILMS!

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate



EXTRA FILM  
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COMPLETE! Projector, One Film and Screen

New boy child can show the most exciting films at home with  
this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful  
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simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the  
fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen!  
This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for  
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